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TWICE AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE ARMY OF PEACE

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MRS. CHARLES H. STALKER.

TWICE AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE HOLY GHOST

OR

The Impressions and Convictions of the Mission Field

BY

CHARLES H. STALKER

"But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

—Acts 1: 8.

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363 Buttles Avenue
COLUMBUS, OHIO
CHARLES H. STALKER
1906

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CHARLES H. STALKER

DEDICATION.

To the millions, who sit in heathen darkness and worship idols of wood and stone, and who have never heard a song or sermon and do not know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, this book is prayerfully dedicated by the author.

Feb. 15, 1906.

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INTRODUCTION.

Nothing can take the place of oral delivery. Public speaking or preaching carries a power, and produces impressions more vivid than can be made by anything written, and yet the press is one of the mightiest forces in Commercial, Political and Religious life.

A walk through our public libraries with their countless volumes makes an ordinary man feel that there are books enough, but to the increase of the demand for reading matter there seems to be no end.

Most of books have a short life. Many die in the hands of the author, others perish with the publisher, thousands of them who get on their feet, stand only a few months.

But here is a book that should stand forever and bless multiplied thousands.

The contents of "Twice Around the World with the Holy Ghost" will never perish. It is not only descriptive but intensely spiritual. It deals not only with the habits of the nations, their degradation and misery, but with the only possible remedy.

It presents a startling picture of the situation abroad, but at the same time places emphasis upon the only possible means of changing the situation. If you read only parts of this book you will conclude that there is no hope for the heathen, but if you read it all you will learn the secret of lifting the fallen and saving the hopeless.

The Author has not only a wide knowledge of the World, but he has lived in solitary retirement with the presence of the Lord until he has a keen sense of things deeply spiritual. His judgment of the qualifications of

the missionaries now on the field is well founded. His extensive knowledge of the needs of the field eminently qualifies him to say what kind of missionaries should be sent forth.

This book differs from almost all others in that it honors the Holy Ghost in all things, and at the same time magnifies the blood of Jesus Christ as the procuring cause of all our blessings.

It has been my happy privilege to know the Author all his life, and I unhesitatingly predict a wide circulation for this volume.

May this book take wings and fly all over the world.

May it not only reach the poor and humble at home, but may it go to palaces of the boulevards and avenues. Ten thousand blessings upon the Author and upon all that he is carrying upon his heart.

SETH C. REES.

Feb. 15, 1906.

Twice Around the World With The Holy Ghost.

Object—The salvation of sinners and that Christians might be sanctified wholly.

Beginning January 2, 1901—Ending when and where the Lord will.

Commission—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."....."In the regions beyond you."

For several years the great commission had been burning in my soul and shut up in my being. It was my privilege to attend many farewell meetings of missionaries and to listen to the touching stories of returned men and women of God, who had been laboring for Him in the foreign field. There had always been a yearning in my soul to witness for the Holy Ghost and Full Salvation to those across the sea, but I was told I was not prepared, which, however, did not satisfy my soul's longing. Not until February, 1900, did I have the privilege, under the direction of the Holy Ghost and a line of special providences, to go.

I sailed from New York City on my way to the Holy Land, where I had my first opportunity to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ through an interpreter. While on this tour, in the Garden of Gethsemane, I felt I should return to America and go to Portsmouth, R. I., Camp Meeting. Believing this to be the leading of the Spirit of God, I was willing to return from these sacred places, which had made impressions upon my heart beyond all expression, and for these my thankfulness is such that it is impossible to express it in words of tongue or pen, but will gladly declare it by a life of sacrifice and service for my Master. Glory to God! My salvation cost much, and the salvation of a soul from hell means much.

After visiting the Holy Land, I felt I could never preach, think, talk or act the same. The world would not appear the same to my vision, my home would be different, **all** was changed. While in the Garden of Gethsemane and those sacred places, it seemed that I could see Him as never before, sweating great drops of blood, weeping burning tears, living and dying for me. Oh, how I loved Him!

After spending sometime in Paris, I arrived in New York City, after a safe journey on land

and sea. Upon my arrival, I went to Portsmouth, not to preach, not to sing and not to pray, but to be in the will of God. I felt that He had sent me for a purpose, but did not know what the purpose was. Such a desire came into my heart to visit the heathen fields that I said, "Oh, Lord, let me go!" I went to my room and had a special season of communion with God in prayer, and felt that was what God had sent me to Portsmouth for, and that He would bring it to pass. Glory! There followed a night of prayer, in which the heavens opened, and on Sabbath morning Seth Rees preached on "The Great Commission." And I felt that he must quit preaching or I would have to go at once to the fields to which God was speaking to me about. It was like fire in my bones. After the service I went to the tent and prayed, and I believe it was settled then and there that I should go on this tour. I went from that tent feeling great peace and comfort. It seemed that I could almost see the steamer on the ocean and hear the waves roll, and glory filled my soul. I said, "I believe it is done—God is in this movement." I parted forever from some, but I felt God would work it all out.

I visited the Ohio, Western, Indiana, Kan-

sas and Baltimore yearly meetings, in the fulness of the blessing of Christ, and witnessed for the Holy Ghost. The first missionary meeting was held in Tremont City, Ohio, and I felt the seal being placed upon the plan—and it was. The next meeting was in Cincinnati at the Bible School. I was there only a short time, and next went to Chicago. God wonderfully blessed us, and souls were saved and filled with the Holy Ghost, and we had a time of victory in the Lord. Glory! I next went to Philadelphia, where I stopped with George and Anna Williams, and talked over the wonderful leadings of God. I then went on to New York, Fall River and Westport. I spent two weeks in quiet and prayer, preparative to the trip, then went to the Providence convention. God set a precious and lasting seal on the meetings. Our hearts were melted together, the Holy Ghost was honored and Jesus glorified. At the mission that night, the Lord saved souls; this was the last meeting in America before sailing. That night I said, "Oh, Lord, it is enough."

I spent New Year's day in quiet, read my Bible, prayed much about the ocean trip, committed myself to God, and His sweet presence filled my soul. As I was preparing to sail, there was such a peace in my heart. I was

willing to leave the Home Land and the dear associations that God had given—all fruit of His Gospel—and go to a new field, strange scenes, people and places for Jesus and the Gospel's sake. The Holy Ghost spoke sweetly to my soul at the thought of having an opportunity to witness for Jesus in other lands.

January 2d, 1901, we arose in the morning after a good rest. Soon after Bible reading and prayer we started to the steamer, and met two brothers in the Lord, who had come to see us and bid us "God-speed" on our journey, and left us a basket of fruit. We went to our cabin, had a season of prayer and they commended us to God and the keeping power of the Holy Ghost, on land and sea. We received some letters and at the time announced we pulled out from the wharf, and we left for the treacherous ocean, and committed ourselves to the stormy sea, with the pilot of Galilee, believing He would guide and keep us on our journey, that "He would never leave nor forsake us," and that we should arrive safely in port after the temptest was past. In Him was our confidence.

We had a very smooth journey for the time of year. During the voyage I did not make much comment on the sights and scenes,

neither did I often go to the table, but was quiet and content on my back. The first day I enjoyed my meals and after supper was talking to a Swede by the name of Carl Hadburg, whose mother had died and he was returning from New York to Sweden. He was a bright boy, and after listening to his story, which was touching and sad, we walked around on the deck for a time, then stopped and looked out upon the waters. I asked if he were a Christian, and he answered "No," but he had been thinking he ought to be. At this point the "World-Wide Mission" began, and as I told him about our Jesus he listened attentively, the Holy Ghost touched his heart and I heard a sob and saw a tear. I prayed. When I closed I asked him to pour out his heart to God. Then he prayed and wept most touchingly; after a silence he raised his head and said, "I am saved." I did not see him then for two or three days, after which he came to my room and seemed so happy. I said, "Carl, when were you saved?" He said, "January 2, 1901." He was a favorite among the passengers, and made many warm friends. When we arrived in Liverpool, we parted, but I hope to meet him in heaven. God bless him! When we reached London we were tired and worn, so went to

the hotel and had supper, it being the first I had eaten for some days.

We spent several weeks in London holding meetings, going to places of historical and Biblical interest, writing, reading and praying for souls. I heard Joseph Parker, John McNeil, Mary Guy Pearce, Lady Henry Somerset and others. It was blessed to hear those who stand at the head of the work on the other side of the sea.

From there we went to Ireland and held meetings. On the second night of the meeting souls were at the altar seeking salvation and the Holy Ghost. The attendance and attention was good. A preacher of Holiness was something new to those people, but their hearts were receptive and God blessed the messages from time to time. The altar was filled and a number of souls prayed through to victory; some were saved and others received the Holy Ghost, and some received a definite call to the foreign fields. It refreshed my own soul, as I gave the message on the soon return of our Lord, and they accepted it with joyful hearts. After having meetings for some weeks, we felt the time had come for us to go, and as we were leaving the hall that night, one poor man remained at the altar, determined not to leave

until the Holy Ghost came into his heart. He prayed until late in the night, and the fire fell. We have heard since that he became a real soul winner.

While in this city we went to see a precious saint of God who had been twelve years an invalid, never leaving her bed, but her heart was filled with the love of God and a burden for those about her. Many came to her bedside and she prayed with them until they found Jesus. Her faith in God was marvelous, being perfectly submissive in His hands, never once murmuring or complaining of her life having to be spent in such isolation. She lived with her sister in a dingy rooming house on the fourth floor, in the smoke and dirt of the most undesirable part of the city. Friends had offered to give her another home, but she wished to remain there, thinking she could reach more souls for Him and give them the message of salvation. This life, beautiful though sad, made a great impression upon us; we had seen those in higher places, but we felt no greater work was being done than by this humble follower of the lowly Nazarene.

The most attractive thing on the street was a two-wheeled cart with no top, a seat on either side, and one for the driver. It is called

MODE OF TRAVEL IN IRELAND.

an "Irish Jaunty." It seemed rather strange to have no top when it rains so much there, but the rain does not keep the people from hearing the Gospel. They assemble at the hour appointed through all kinds of weather. The meetings continued in the power of God and souls were saved and sanctified.

The subject that has absorbed many, or all minds, and touched many hearts and has reached over the world, has been the illness and death of the world's greatest sovereign and monarch—Queen Victoria. The whole world seemed to respond with tributes of respect and appreciation of her long, noble and victorious life. She was not only great, but good. She enjoyed great prosperity and peace until near the close of her reign, when trouble with South Africa—the Boer War—arose. This was the cause of much sorrow, and no doubt hastened the close of her beautiful life, and brought this great loss to her people and the king to the throne at this time. Much sorrow was expressed during the illness of the Queen, and the news of her death came like a lightning flash to the nation over which she was ruler. Death comes to all—the great and good, in palace and in hovel alike—it is no respecter of persons. It was a great sight to see that city

of six millions of people in mourning. The day of the funeral was declared a day of mourning, the business houses and saloons were closed, but as I thought of her noble life, it seemed to me that we ought to mourn over the living, who know not God, rather than the dead.

As the people were absent from their homes, we had no meetings that day, so we went to find a standing place to view the procession. It was very impressive to see the soldiers in uniform and glittering spears march by, some on horses and others on foot. All seemed proud to play a part in the last honors of the Queen. Most of the people were dressed in mourning, the men wearing black hats and the women black veils and dresses and it made a very imposing sight. I was much impressed with the quietness of the crowd, except a few fainting ones, some of whom were carried out on stretchers, all were quiet and attentive. I was glad I had the privilege of being there at that time, as the Holy Ghost gave so many precious lessons. I thought when the saloons were closed for this occasion, Oh! that the day would come when the saloons all over the land would be closed forever and the boys and girls saved from the wreck and ruin of this awful curse.

There is always a crowd everywhere in that city; it is much like being in a whirlwind, and almost anything will attract attention and stop the traffic.

Our meetings began in the Chaplain Assembly Rooms that night. Brother Moore was pastor and offered the use of the hall, put out some bills and was very kind to us. It was a blessed meeting. The Holy Ghost was with us in power and answered prayer. Glory! The people gave good attention and at the close souls came to the altar and received Him. I was glad to have the privilege of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, that is "the power of God unto salvation," and to tell Christians they could be sanctified. The meetings continued five days, and every service was a blessed time of victory in God. Changes took place in hearts that will tell in eternity. One poor man who had been given to drink for years came and asked us to pray for him, and he believed and the Lord delivered. A worldly young lady who had given her time to the empty things of society, knelt at the altar and there and then denounced all things which were not pleasing to her Lord, and promised to walk with Him; and many others settled their soul's destiny with God, for which we praised Him.

Letters came from George Cadbury and Harriet Greene, extending invitations to their homes for meetings, but as my time was limited, I could not go.

I went to Newgate prison where Elizabeth Fry did such noble work among the prisoners. I remembered the impression that celebrated picture made on me when a child, and to see the place was a great privilege and blessing. She was a worthy woman and did a world-renowned work.

I was also at Exeter Hall and heard the children from the Charles Spurgeon Stackwell Orphanage sing. It was very touching to see those five hundred orphan children who had been picked up all over that wicked city, and to hear them sing and praise God from pure and innocent hearts.

In every meeting God laid on our hearts a special message on the sanctification of believers. There were many hungry hearts who gladly received the truth. At each service souls received the Holy Ghost, and it seemed that the meetings could have continued for an indefinite time, for the people insisted upon our remaining with them, and the last meeting was the crowning service and the best of all. We continued in prayer until late in the night, but felt the time had come for us to go on.

They were just beginning the new reign under King Edward VII, and we rejoiced in our own hearts that many were beginning a new reign under the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and will be loyal subjects in that kingdom which is "an everlasting kingdom."

We attended a meeting conducted by Mrs. Baxter who has a faith mission. The attendance was good, and after giving a message on Divine Healing, a number remained for prayer, and bodies were healed and the people rejoiced.

After I went to my room and was waiting before the Lord, He gave me some lessons on the life of Moses. It was wonderful to note the faithfulness of God in this man's life. He was in the wilderness forty years alone, then he was with the people forty years. Moses was taught forty years, then he was a teacher forty years. He was led forty years, then he was leader forty years. The teacher must first be taught; the man must first be with God before he is with the people. We must be spoken to before we are spoken through. When Moses went alone he became fearful; when God sent him he was faithful; when he went alone he began to kill, but when he had Divine authority, he began to save. When he went

alone he was afraid of the people, but when he went with God, the people were afraid of him. While God was showing Moses supply, He was showing the people their great bondage and need, and sent them a great deliverer to deliver. If God had more flaming heralds full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, who would hold up Jesus, a complete Savior, one able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him, what a wonderful work would be accomplished for the great masses of needy souls.

The day Parliament opened, we went into an English Court of Justice and saw the cases being tried. It was very impressive. The Judge in the chair and the lawyers all wore wigs and wrote with quill pens; all was quiet and dignified; they had on black gowns and white cuffs and ties and paid no attention whatever to the visitors in the galleries, but proceeded with the case in hand. It took my mind to the great solemnity of the Judgment Day, when all the millions of earth shall pass before God and receive the final word which shall seal their destiny for eternal happiness or despair.

I went to hear Dr. Parker who had a large audience and what he said was good. He preached from a text in Isaiah, describing the

Church's fruitfulness, and said: "We are not to be barren, but fruitful. Isaiah was a gardener, an out-door man, a man of the field and forest. I like this man very much. Faith, Hope and Charity, and the greatest of these is Charity—and the other two know it, and all must believe it for it is true, and without this we are nothing and never will be; it makes us what we are."

At the close of the simultaneous Mission, a meeting was held by the pastors of the different churches throughout London. It was to be a conference where the question, "How to hold and how to conserve the results of missions" should be discussed. We were invited, and went. They had been united in prayer, the rich, the poor, high and low, and said there was much oil in the veins of the Church as yet undiscovered. The meeting at night was good. There was a large number present and God touched hearts.

Leaving London, we took a steamer across the English Channel, had a smooth sea and in about an hour we took the train for Paris. We visited the Louvre, the finest picture gallery in the world. There are many sacred pictures there which are very impressive, as the Crucifixion, Resurrection, Ascension, The Last Sup-

per and the Marriage in Cana, and many others which gave us a glimpse of what our salvation had cost. One cannot see those pictures without thinking of the real scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary. We also visited the old prison where Madam Guyon was placed for several months, and which was destroyed during the Revolution. We went up on the tower which is one hundred and fifty feet high. As we thought of how that saint of God had looked upon the stone walls of that old prison and said they shone like diamonds, because she was there for Jesus' sake, we felt a new determination in our souls to win souls for Him whose word says, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

We visited the Morgue, where all the bodies, the cause of whose death is unknown, is kept for identification. They can be kept three months. We then took a steam launch and went up the river Seine four or five miles, and on our way had a view of Paris, also of the buildings of the World's Fair Grounds, Eiffel Tower and other places. Many of the buildings are now being taken down, and all that looked so beautiful so short time before was being destroyed. I thought, so much of man's

work goes to naught, but the work of God abides forever. Oh, to see more of His work and less of the work of man! Many illustrations came to me as I viewed this place.

I attended the Friend's meeting in which the Holy Ghost had right of way, and it seemed good to attend a meeting conducted in our own tongue; with the exception of one prayer it was all in English. I was so happy that day, as it was just nine years before that I received the Holy Ghost; and what wonderful years they were in God. As I think of them now, gone so quickly, I see the hand of God making way for me, guiding, guarding, comforting and blessing. He has been so much to me, the most of the time away from home and friends, but never away from God. I will continue to follow my Guide until He says, "It is enough," or until Jesus comes. My desire is that all that God has taught me may be a preparation for more efficient and effective service and that I may lose sight of all else and see Jesus with a more perfect vision, and that as I see Him, others may see Him too and many may receive the Holy Ghost.

The city of Paris reminded us of Paul's visit to Athens, as it seemed to be wholly given up to idolatry. Sunday is their busiest day, and all

business places are open and work goes on just as on other days. It pained our hearts to see the people desecrating His holy day and breaking His laws. There are lewd pictures on every hand, and it is such a gay place. The people have not the fear of God before their eyes, and every man seems to guide himself. In conversation with different ones, I spoke to them about settling their destiny with the Lord, but they were so busy, taken up with the things of the world, they paid little attention.

We were asked to conduct a meeting here, and I spoke on the importance of the individual knowing God for himself. I spoke through an interpreter (I call them an interrupter.) It was a time of deep conviction; God was there in melting power, and after the message was delivered, several souls broke down and cried out to God. I could not understand a word, but my interpreter said they prayed for salvation. It was a very impressive scene to me. I may forget many things, but I shall never forget the prayer of the first soul in another tongue crying to God for mercy and pardon, and I am sure it was granted, for God has promised not to turn any empty away. Glory to God!

The lady who had charge of the mission in-

vited us to her home, and told us some of the history of the work and some of her experience; being brought from Catholicism to Christianity. It was interesting to hear the dealings of the Lord with another soul, and to mark His mercy and care, so much of which we see in our own lives, as well as in the lives of others. Oh, may I be true to Him! We bade this servant of the Lord God-speed and went on our way rejoicing. We were so glad that God had a servant stationed in this place of great need, and returned to our rooms with glory filling our souls.

We left at two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day for Marseilles. The day was like spring. We passed through a nice country dotted with green fields and flowing streams, people working in the gardens with the hoe and plowing in the fields. Their plows are rather queer looking, as they have one horse hitched in front of the other. On our arrival in the morning, we went down to the wharf where we saw a steamer coming in and saw the fishermen going out for an early draught of the sea's meat.

Our steamer arrived on which we were to sail for India. After going to our room, and having prayer for our safety and guidance, and

all things pertaining to our voyage, we felt the precious assurance that we were in the will of God. Just one year ago today since I sailed for Palestine, and what a blessed year this has been! The Holy Ghost has led in a wonderful way and all has been blessed. We had a smooth sea, and in the afternoon I was asked to sing, and I sang "I Must Tell Jesus." I then followed with a mesage on the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and found in this company some hungry souls, some missionaries returning to India, and others to Australia; also some who were going out for the first time. God bless them! What a wonderful message we have to carry across the sea, "On earth peace, good will toward men." The harvest is ready and we must reap.

We had a good rest the first night on the steamer, and rose refreshed and praising God. This was indeed a new life—all kinds of people going about, some smiling, some singing, some walking, some talking and laughing. It seemed like a new world. I saw some smoking and drinking, but the most of the people at our table were abstainers. This was a restful time to my soul. I felt that I must know God better each day, and will more and more trust Him who calms the sea. There is no favor like that re-

ceived at the hand of the great Pilot of Galilee. There are so many in need of salvation, and how can they hear without a preacher? When the pilot of the ship met us we were taken into the harbor, and the thought came to me, when we enter the harbor of eternal rest, "We shall go out no more forever."

After the arrival of the boat Iris, from Brindisi, Italy, with the mail, which was placed on our steamer, we left Port Said and went into the Suez Canal, which is about ninety miles long. I had seen the moon rise many times before, but had never seen it rise on the Suez Canal before, and what a beautiful sight! No wonder astronomy originated in Arabia. We passed a steamer near Ishmalia, with its light glittering on the water far ahead, and it is so with one led by the Holy Ghost, there is always light ahead to direct that soul, and he shall know no darkness any more. The statue of the man who constructed this channel is at Port Said, and is an object of no little interest to the traveler, as this channel saves the weary passenger two weeks travel on the stormy sea. What a wonderful God back of it all! He has given a plan which, if followed, will save the weary pilgrim from traveling over a route of sin, and will anchor his soul in the haven of

rest. I was then farther away from home than I had ever been, but nearer my heavenly home, and when I thought of what I had lost in one and gained in the other, I was glad I had left all to follow Jesus till He comes. In crossing the Red Sea, I read about Moses, how he crossed on dry land, but Pharaoh and his host did not get over.

Meeting the missionaries on board was a blessing to my soul, to see how God had been leading His children in different lands, but some of these did not have the Holy Ghost, and did not seem to know Him. And as to tell them about Him, was the object of my trip, I felt that if one missionary going to carry the message of salvation to those in heathen darkness would receive Him, it would more than pay for the whole trip, but I have faith to believe that many will hear and heed the command to tarry until they receive their Pentecost. These were days of communion with God and of special blessing to my soul. We passed two ships that looked beautiful and majestic as they made their way through the great deep; we simply raised the flag and passed on. They coaled our steamer, which seemed to take a long time, but it was very necessary to be well prepared when we struck

the boisterous waves, so with the Christian, he should find a coaling station before entering upon the voyage of life, in order to go safely into port. The place of provision is the right place from which to start, but not the place in which to stay.

I was talking with a passenger whose wife had died in Scotland, and his little girl was then in London. He seemed sad and I felt that he ought to know the Comforter who comes to a broken and crushed heart and gives lasting peace, and I believe he received Him.

Just before we arrived in Aden, Arabia, we had another meeting with the missionaries which was blessed of God in song and prayer and touching testimonies. Some were so much affected by the sea that they could not take much part, and a number received the Holy Ghost. A man and his wife who were on their way to Egypt to do mission work, gladly received Him, and said they would honor Him wherever they went.

There, for the first time in my life, I saw the Southern Cross, which is composed of four stars, which very distinctly form a cross in the skies. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto

night showeth knowledge." It seemed so wonderful, whether in sight of the Southern Cross, or under the northern sky, that men are ready to live or die for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, and yet, what a privilege this is to every true follower of the Master.

Our steamer stopped at Port Said in the evening, expecting to go on at once, but the next morning found us still there. By and by we ascertained the cause of the delay. It was due to a missing mail bag for which they searched as soon as they discovered the loss; however, it was considered a serious thing, but was found to be only a miscount. After this difficulty had been settled the anchor was taken up and we were soon out on the sea. If such care is taken in regard to the mail, what care should be taken in searching for souls as one should give an account in joy and not in grief. I trust that as I stand before the Judgment Bar of God that no soul that I ever should have won for Christ shall be missing.

I was talking with a man and asked if he had ever been converted. He asked me to explain what it meant, as he had never heard the word before. And it was beautiful how he grasped the story, and was glad to know that he could be redeemed from sin. It ought to bring a

blush of shame to our faces to think that there is one who has never heard of Jesus—and there are millions. I gave some of the dealings of the Holy Ghost with my own soul, as we walked and talked. He seemed much interested and I committed him to God and went to my room, as it was time for all passengers to leave the deck. Tears came to my eyes, not because I had left home or friends and was out on the treacherous sea, but because souls were so ignorant of Jesus Christ, and did not even know the Holy Ghost. I am so glad for the early teaching and training of a now sainted mother, and that I was early brought to the feet of Jesus. The service for my Master has been so sweet. I see more and more the need to know God in order to reach men. "He that winneth souls is wise." We must have Divine wisdom to meet human needs.

I was praying for the needy souls on the ship and it seemed that every day I could see their need and how ignorant they were of eternal things. There was an army officer on shipboard who carried about him an independent air, but I was drawn to him and found him to be a most interesting man, and with a receptive heart. Before we had reached our destination he had given his heart to God.

They organized a "Sport Committee" on board to help the people who could not pass the time readily; I told them I was having a very pleasant voyage, and my time was all taken.

That night another soul asked me to pray for him. He said he had never prayed or read his Bible in his life, but would do so now; he was one who was well versed in secular things, and the next morning he told me he had prayed and felt peace in his heart. Another person, who was on his way to Calcutta, told me he had never been converted, and I told him about Jesus and the Lord drew another soul unto himself. I praise the Lord for a burning message which the people are hungering for all over the world. "The fields are white, but the laborers are few." "Pray ye"—"Go ye" come very near together, and in many lives mean the same. In a Bible reading which we held the Holy Ghost spoke through His word to my soul, and I desired all my days to be spent for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls.

We at last reached India, after a long and pleasant voyage; it was under Divine direction and appointment. Before we left the ship a native brought us a letter from a missionary, giving us an invitation to visit their work; other invitations followed, giving us a hearty welcome to this land of need.

As we walked through the streets of Calcutta strange scenes greeted our eyes. Our hearts were touched with the helpless, hopeless condition of the great masses of humanity. After securing a pith hat, which every missionary needs to protect them from the burning sun, we walked through the busy streets and saw many women carrying heavy loads on their heads, the men busy in their shops, etc. They walked erect and with the pomp of a member of royalty, clad in their different colors, of which they are very fond. They put the most of their clothing about their necks and head, and very little on their body. The head needs protection from the blazing sun, and they seem to understand the penalty of being unprotected, so they are careful. The sun is said to be very dangerous. We noticed a large crowd of natives, and went to see what it all meant, and oh, such a sight as we saw! It was a strong heathen man who was performing a certain ceremonial worship. He had come for miles and miles, measuring himself on the ground. He would make a mark on the ground at his head with a stone he had in his hand. Then he would stand on his feet and fall again to the ground to the length of himself. He had continued this over many weary

miles of hard travel. For this he believed he would receive no merit in this world, but he would in the world to come. After looking on this scene, I went to my room and in tears poured out my heart to God for this people who were in such bondage and darkness.

After a good night's rest, we arose early, and after a light breakfast we took our sun hats and umbrellas and started for the meeting in the Methodist church, where we found a very nice congregation and nearly all were on time. It seemed the most like a meeting for real worship than any we had yet been in since leaving the home land. During the time the congregation was coming in they sang, "More Love to Thee, Oh, Christ," which was the prayer of my heart. The minister was an earnest representative of Jesus Christ. Over the pulpit were these words, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." His text was, "The fire in all ages is kept burning on the altar and never goes out." It was a good Gospel sermon, made vivid by illustrations of the sun, the dividend of love and of Christ cleansing the temple. The speaker made an earnest appeal for all the converted to be filled with the Holy Ghost. He said love was the fire—

our God, a consuming fire, brings destruction to all who are not made invulnerable by the love of Christ. Love surmounts all difficulties, love can fly on its own pinions. Nothing can stand against the ministers of love, who are a flaming fire, and not like the fire that comes from a rock struck by a horse's hoof. It was very impressive to see the large number of children present and the good attention they gave. There were the announcements, and the songs, the regular routine. My soul praised the Lord for the Gospel in India; "It is the power of God unto salvation." We came from this service feeling that we had been to the house of God. The house was kept comfortable by a punka, which is a movable fan, suspended from the ceiling by a cord, pulled by a man, who sat at one side almost out of sight. The fan is a necessity there. The hour spent in this church is a very pleasant memory; it was a good service in which my soul was blessed. The Holy Ghost was with me and my heart burned within me.

The next morning we visited brother Lee's mission, in which I gave a Bible reading and conducted prayers. It was a meeting of teachers, pupils, waifs, and all. We felt it was a great privilege to speak to them for some raised

their hands, saying they accepted Jesus as their Savior; many knelt at the altar and wept their way through. Oh, such need there! The famine waifs who had been brought in were almost starved. We should be more thankful for food and raiment. "Let us therefore be content." Those dear missionaries—may God bless and reward them for their service in that place, facing all difficulties with the love of Christ burning in their hearts—are willing to endure all for Jesus' sake. May Divine blessings attend their untiring efforts for the lost heathen. My heart was much touched when I saw what the Gospel had done and was continuing to do for India, and I have preached it as never before, by the help of God and the unction of the Holy Ghost. They bade us Godspeed as we went through India, and prayed that souls would be blessed and saved. It is worth all the world to see such cases of salvation, worth every sacrifice, time, talent and life. There were not more than half a dozen living who were here when the church was established twenty-five years ago; all the rest had passed away. The workers had been taken, but their work goes on and will continue to do so, as the people will witness to the power of the Gospel as long as the sun shines.

BATHING IN THE SACRED RIVER GANGES.

We went from there to Benares, where in a meeting the first night I had an opportunity to honor the Holy Ghost, received special answer to prayer. There were hungry souls. I spent an evening in conversation and prayer with the Chaplain. He seemed so glad to talk about the things of God, and seemed to deplore the condition of India's millions—said he hoped for a better day. He prayed Divine blessings upon our work and Divine guidance for our movements. God will answer the earnest prayers that are offered.

We arose early on the following morning and three of us took a carriage and drove to the Ganges River to see the people drink of its waters and bathe in the "Holy River." There were several thousands to be seen, some bathing, some worshiping, some torturing themselves, some washing clothes; men, women and children of all ages.

Oh, to see the poor heathen worshiping stone! I was almost speechless at the sight, and it seemed hard to believe my own eyes, nevertheless, it is true. It seemed so sad to see the old men and women who have spent their lives in this way, then the children following in the footsteps of their parents. I am sure I cannot be thankful enough for being born in

a Christian land and living a Christian life. Oh, the sorrow, misery, degredation and disappointment in the life of a heathen. What can be done? What can I do? Jesus died and we should be willing to give our lives for the salvation of this world. Such dense ignorance and superstition. I can now see more reason for God's thundering from Sinai, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and can understand why they were so strict with the children of Israel about many things.

The so-called "holy men" in India are more like beasts of the lowest type than human beings. They wear long hair, their bodies are painted in various ways, and they are horrible looking objects, indulging in all kinds of sin. Oh, such a religion, such filth, and such life! It is awful. May God save this people laden with iniquity! The lives of the women must be miserable beyond description.

We saw a funeral. The mourners were beating their breasts and going through some chant. Such form and ceremony I had never seen before. It seemed so sad to live that it must be a relief to die. God is merciful. Another sad sight was the burning of bodies. They make a pile of wood on which they place the bodies, then put wood on this and set it on

THE BURNING GHAT.

fire. We saw thirteen bodies burned at one time. There were over a hundred deaths from the plague in one day, I was told. It seems that the government cannot do anything to stop the plague; the disease is mostly among the natives. One person who died while we were there was brought down on a bed and taken right out and burned. What is man, life, or death to the heathen? Not much I am sure. The funerals are very sad. We had heard all of these described, but it was different when we saw them as they were, without any coloring whatever, and it seemed hard to believe.

The temples were covered with obscene pictures, and seemed only places of vice. The singing consists in motions. All these were strange scenes, but we were in India, and one can see almost anything there, and need not be surprised. Salvation means much in India, and it is almost the same as death to renounce idolatry and accept Christianity, but it can be done, and I was glad to see some sample cases there of what the Gospel has done and will do again at any cost. Men and women of God will carry on the great commission. Glory to His name.

Delhi is a Mohammedan city, a place of great

battles. We had meetings morning and evening at St. James' Church, which was originally built by a man who was wounded on the battle field, and made a vow to God that if he were allowed to live, he would build a church, and upon his recovery he built a Mohammedan mosque and a Hindoo temple, after which he became a Christian and dedicated these to God. We had a blessed service here. The Spirit of God rested upon us, and there was deep conviction and souls found Him.

After the meeting we drove through a village. It was the time of the Mohammedan feast, and just one year previous to that time I was in Jerusalem and similar scenes had greeted our eyes. Coming up to the Holy City, where families in droves, young and old, all seemed ready for the occasion. I was not homesick, but heartsick, for the salvation of these idolatrous worshipers, and I would be willing and would consider it a blessed privilege to spend twenty-five years in India, preaching the Gospel to these needy souls. I thought they were missing much in time, but what would be their loss through all eternity and our shame, if we neglect their salvation? They may be our condemnation at the Judgment Bar of God—so few missionaries—so

THE TAJ MAHL AT AGRA.

many heathen! I am sure the eye of God looks in great tenderness upon the ignorant, superstitious, idolatrous worshipers and His great Father heart yearns in pity toward them, but how does He look upon a sin-desiring, pleasure-loving, carnal Church, having the form, but devoid of power; leaves, but no fruit? What a sad condition will prevail when He comes, if we do not walk in the light, and if the light within us becomes darkness, how dense will be that darkness. The darkness of heathendom may be felt, but can never be told. God save the heathen!

We spent two days at Agra, saw one of the finest sights here, the Tarz by moonlight, an edifice that was seventeen years in building. After it was finished, they put out the eyes of the man who built it and burned the plan, so there is nothing like it in all the world. And as I stood and looked upon that magnificent structure, in the moonlight, the most beautiful scene I had ever beheld, I thought, if man can build a temple like that here on earth, what will our mansion in heaven be like? The Revelator spoke of the "jasper walls, the gates of pearl, and the streets of gold," and says, "There shall be no night there, and they shall need no candle, neither light of the sun, for

the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign **forever** and **ever.**"

The day I was to leave Agra, while at the hotel, I heard the gong sound for worship and made my way to the place. On my arrival I found a very nice congregation, old and young, men and women, ready to worship the true God. On the wall above the pulpit I saw some marks, and I asked a man who could speak a little English to translate them, which he did. "Miss Blackwell came here and spent one year and died, aged twenty-two years. She was the founder of this work." My heart burned within me, as I thought of what could be accomplished in so short a time by one who knew God. A congregation of hundreds of people are now gathered from among the heathen. The missionary, Mr. Jones, a sweet-spirited man, came at once and asked me to speak, which I did, he acting as my interpreter. I was so glad to witness to this people. All listened very attentively, and some arose for prayers. My heart continues to go out in prayer to God for these dear people, and may He bless the missionaries stationed as signal lights in India. After bidding Mr. Jones good-by, I went my way, glory filling my soul.

After a short journey we arrived at Horpul-

FRIENDS' MISSION AT NOWGONG.

pur, the nearest railway station to Now Gong, and were taken directly to the Friend's mission. We arrived praising the Lord for His continued mercy and blessing in permitting us to come to India and to this place. We found our mail here which added to the welcome given by the missionaries, Miss Fistler, Miss Beard and Miss Edgerton, women full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Their faith is shown by their works.

After a little rest and preparation we went to our bungalow and then visited the mission and the school. The children entertained us by counting and other little things. It was amusing to me to see all sitting on the floor except when they were reciting. What a privilege to teach these children and bring them from darkness to light, and from the power of satan unto God. "For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I thought of these words of the Master as I listened to the touching stories, of the great need of these little ones, and how they had been

supplied. In the evening I went to see the children of the mission take supper. They all sat on the ground, so they brought me a seat and I joined them, and we bowed our heads and said:

"God is great and God is good,
And we thank Him for this food.
By His hand must all be led,
With His food must all be fed."

We then began to eat and a little orphan brought me a pancake and some greens, and I ate with them and they thought it was great fun. After I had taken a few mouthfuls, I wanted no more. I was satisfied. I offered a little boy the remaining part of my food, which he willingly accepted. The evening spent with those children was a scene I shall never forget. I love them. They are so bright, and have names that would do credit to any monarch.

We had a meeting at night, and after the sermon, some souls said they wanted the Holy Ghost, and prayed through. It was blessed to hear people in India pray for His incoming and to know they received Him.

We went to the meetings in a tonga, which consists of two wheels, a tongue, two seats

BEGGARS IN INDIA.

with the backs together in a box, and drawn by two bullocks, the driver sitting on the tongue. We had to laugh at the artful way in which the driver convinced the bullocks that they must move along, as it was sprinkling rain. He would talk to them, goad them, beat them, and at last twist their tails when other means failed to bring about the desired result to increase their speed.

Now Gong is one of the most impressive places in India for its natural beauty. One day we went to see some of the tombs which were built about nine centuries ago, one for the wife and one for the husband. We saw Hindoo temples, with heathen gods which the people worship. As we drove through the village, I thought this is what Jesus had on His heart when He said to His disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." This Divine command was burning in my soul before, and it meant so much to me after that day and that trip. He has said, "Ask of Me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. We can claim these special promises for this work, for the Holy Ghost has sent men and women to the uttermost parts of the earth."

As I looked into the faces of the missionaries, I wondered if they knew how our hearts burned within us as they told us of the dealings of God on the field, and how He has put to flight the army of the aliens. Those were wonderful days to my soul. I had not found so great faith in God before.

We returned, and after dinner we went to the Army Barracks, and held a meeting, and one soul said, "I have tonight come back to God." What a blessed life this is, to witness to the power of God, to save and keep those who put their trust in Him. Glory to God! The missionaries are doing a blessed work among the soldiers there, which requires much prayer and waiting before Him for wisdom to reach them. I preached on what it meant to disobey God. The Holy Ghost was there in power, and deep conviction rested on the people. Several raised their hands for prayer, but nothing but the power of God can keep those who meet with so many temptations and snares from many of their fellow men.

The last day we were in Now Gong we took a drive to Chocapur, a place where no mission had as yet been established. There are so many temples and idols there, it gave us a clear idea of what idolatry means. We had a

nice meeting, sang some songs and gave out tracts. The people listened attentively, and it seemed to be a new epoch in their lives to hear of One who could save from sin and satisfy their longing hearts.

According to the plans which we felt were of the Lord, after bidding the missionaries good-bye and committing them in prayer to Him who never slumbers or sleeps, but continually cares for His own, and said, "salaam" to the natives amidst singing and shouting, we left the mission on our way rejoicing, feeling better equipped for the work which was before us.

On our way to Ashangabad, the English Friend's station, we were met by Mrs. Taylor, who with her husband have charge of a blessed work there. We went to the Girls' Orphanage, were shown over the place, and had some meetings there. The Lord blessed the messages which sank deep into hearts, as they had been taught the way of salvation before. As we think of the workers, our hearts are touched, as many have been taken to their reward in Heaven. Brother Butler died just before we came. Those who leave heathen darkness for heavenly light will certainly have rich reward and a bright crown that will shine forever and ever.

Easter was appointed as a time for all day meeting, and the Lord set His seal to every service. We had a blessed meeting with the missionaries at Ashangabad, and on the night of the 11th, the Holy Ghost was with us in power and blessing. Some prayed for Him to come into their hearts, and I believed God answered. Had a blessed time in Mr. Taylor's home. They were so kind to me, as a servant of Jesus Christ, and I longed to be a blessing to them while there. One of the greatest needs is more workers. The few who are on the field, work and toil beyond their strength, but they say with all the hardships and unpleasant things they have to meet, the Lord gives peace in their souls and a special fascination for the work, and they love it. I attended the meetings and spoke through an interpreter, there being about four or five hundred present, and the attention was good. We had one or two services every day, in which the Holy Ghost had charge and Jesus was lifted up. One cannot help but be impressed with the solemnity and perfect order there is in a service. It is the more remarkable from the fact that they have so recently come from under the heathen yoke, and one would not be surprised were there disorder and misbehavior, but they will sit and listen with the greatest

ABRAHAM AND FAMILY.

reverence, as if they had always been used to going to the house of God.

Mr. and Mrs. Swan have charge of a large orphanage, and the number was increased during the last famine, and the children have remained with them. I held several meetings here which was a great blessing to my own soul, and I felt that many were settling with God. What an opportunity for the Master in India.

Bulsar is a village about a hundred and fifty miles from Bombay where I spent sometime in meetings, and personal work, and spent several nights in prayer. At that place, among others Abraham, a Mohammedan, who had been a Christian for several years, earnestly sought and received the Holy Ghost. The expression was bright and he gave a clear testimony to the sanctifying power of God in his soul. He had charge of an orphanage at this place. The meetings were well attended, and God was with us in a marvelous way. People confessed their sins and made wrongs right and gave their hearts to God. We held some meetings on the shore and souls received the Holy Ghost.

After the completion of the Tabernacle, we held a meeting there, and Brother Hughes of Bombay, a pilot, and for many years a good

Christian, prayed for the first time to be sanctified wholly. God was faithful, and the work was done. His face shone with the very light of heaven, and we believed he would be a valient soldier for God. Some days afterward, while talking with his wife, a great burden came on me that she might enter into the light of the fulness of God. As I talked and prayed with her, it was beautiful how child-like she accepted the promises of God, and He came in to crown her life with victory. Often while we were in service, the scorpions would drop down out of the thatched roof, and we could only trust the Lord to keep us from being stung, and He preserved us.

Sometimes after a day of service, I would go to the beach and bury myself in the sand, and pour out my heart to God in prayer that He would sanctify believers, and call forth more workers into the field.

I looked out upon the vast ocean, with its many ships, but there was room for more, so it is in the ocean of the fulness of God's love, there is always room for others in the unfathomed depths of His love and grace. Many never get farther out than the sand, never leave the shore and trust themselves to Him who longs to lead them out into the deep things of God. Men and women must be

called of God, and not of man to a work like this. There are many hard and unpleasant things to meet, but if God calls them forth into that land of great need, suffering and sorrow, He will make all grace abound, and their paths will be strewn with victory. When we think of the millions in the heathen lands that worship wood and stone, and know nothing better, we must acknowledge that we are debtors. We see the effect of continuous idolatrous worship for generations in many forms, and it will take the supernatural to deliver these helpless, sin-bound people who are in such bondage of body and soul. One must know the God of Sinai, the God of Elijah, and have the boldness of Daniel, the obedience of Samuel and the patience of Job, in order to deal with these people. His call is the highest given to mortal man, and He has a supply both in men and means, and if He were allowed to draw upon it, it would never be exhausted, because it is eternal. This is not to be done by man, but by the Holy Ghost, and He can supply the need of every heathen land upon this globe, if all would say, "Here am I, send me."

A worker in any mission field without the Holy Ghost, is like a man at a carpenter's

bench without tools, and is unable to do his work on this account. Spirit-filled workers is India's greatest need, and the devil is doing his worst to prevent His sending such into this field. I have seen the work of the Holy Ghost until I am convinced that He would do a great work, a wonderful work in India, if He only had His way. I have heard many souls say, "I am saved in answer to prayer." I shall always praise God for what my eyes have seen and my ears have heard. It is His own work and will tell in eternity, and no one should go to that land except true, tried and tested workers. I believe if more knew the risen Christ, a much greater work would be done, and many more would know the joy of God's salvation. May God hasten the day when India's need will be supplied, and many will enter her doors which are now wide open.

"It was only a band of black men,
With dusky forms and bare;
But who cannot read the story
That the dark lines picture there?

They tell of many a sorrow,
Of many an ache and pain,
Of many a deed of penance,
With scarcely a hope of gain.

They tell of a cruel bondage,
More cruel still by far
Than the chains when white men bound them
And carried them afar.

For these are the chains that are heated
And forged in the treadmill of sin,
And the price is the cost of heaven
For the metal placed therein.

Oh, where are the armies that freedom
Has claimed and can call her own;
The armies of Christ that have gathered
To establish forever His Throne?

See where your great Commander
Is leading the forces today.
Forth to the battle, my comrades,
Forth to the thick of the fray."

A missionary who had been in the work for forty years, said he knew he had been converted when God called him, and he began feeling a great burden for the heathen, but was really not satisfied in his soul, and he felt clear that he should not go to the foreign field until his own heart was satisfied. And on making inquiry of different ones about an experience of this kind, they told him they were not satisfied and never expected to be until they died and went to heaven, and gave

the quotation, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness," so he took his appointment, was promised a good salary and went to the foreign field. But as soon as he arrived, he felt the hunger in his heart more than ever, and said, "How can I enter into this work until I know God; I do not know Him now." He found no one to teach him in the better way, so he had gone on in the work the best he knew how for forty years, and at one of my meetings he knelt at the altar and received the Holy Ghost as simply as a child. Before he went to the altar he stood up in the audience and said, "I do not know whether any one else is going to the altar or not, but this is what I have been wanting for forty years, and thank God the day has come when I can receive the Holy Ghost."

During one meeting we note two special cases, missionaries who had been in the field several years. On their arrival they had found things so different from what they had expected, that they had become discouraged. Being sent out by a Board, and not wanting to come back, they decided to go on and do the best they could. When they came to the meeting, the Holy Ghost in His faithfulness revealed to them the condition of their hearts,

and they found they were backslidden, and they came to the altar and renewed their covenants with God, after which they sought the Holy Ghost, and He came in and filled their hearts with such joy and such victory that they said they felt that they could go on and push the work of the Lord in that place as they had never been able to do before. We rejoiced to see their willingness to surrender to God, in the face of all opposition.

After spending two months in India, I set sail for China. My last days in Bombay were spent with friends who were sanctified wholly at Bulsar. Being affected by the severe climate, I was very weak and unable to preach, but some of them came to my room and we prayed and they received the Holy Ghost. A lady who had lived a life of vanity and pleasure, and thinking very little about the realities of life, came to India to live. Here she began to feel her loneliness and dependence upon God. She was clearly converted, but her heart was not satisfied. When I told her about the Comforter who would come into her heart to abide forever, and would reveal the will of God in her heart and life, she gladly received Him. She was only one of the many who walked in the light.

The morning we were to sail, I arose early, read my Bible and prayed, and felt as clear in going as I had in coming. I was accompanied to the ship by Brother Hughes, the pilot, who said as he took my hand and bade me good-bye, "I am so glad you came," and I responded from the bottom of my heart, "I, too, am glad." The anchor was raised and we were soon tossing on the sea, on our way to China. There were only a few passengers, and the Lord gave me for company a young man who was going to Shanghai.

At Colombo I went ashore with the Captain and went to E. B. Swiss's Road, and here held meetings with about two hundred children. They gave me a warm reception and after a good meeting in which the power of God was manifested in a wonderful way, I bade them good-bye and returned to the ship. As I was leaving, the Superintendent of the work said, "God bless you, you are always welcome." He had Bible texts all over his house, such as, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." It was so inspiring to see such faithfulness and such true men of God in those dark places of the earth. They will be bright gems for the Master's crown when He comes to gather His jewels. I reached the ship, the

anchor was lifted, and we left for ————, to me an unknown world, and an unknown sea, but knowing the Guide and Pilot has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," whose presence filled my soul.

I met a missionary on his way to Penang, and the evening before we reached there, he came to my room and after reading the Bible, he realized that God's promises were for him. He prayed, and the Lord sanctified him wholly. Another said he wanted the Holy Ghost, and I was sure He would come into any heart which would welcome Him.

At Penang, I saw some Chinamen, the first I had seen. This place is largely controlled by them. I went to one of their temples and saw them praying to gods of wood and stone, and while praying they would hold the idols in their hands for awhile, as if their prayers were to be answered, then in a short time these pieces of wood or stone would fall from their hands, or they would drop them of their own accord, and that would mean that their god did not answer their prayer, and without receiving any help they would go away.

I saw the men being punished, and they are very severe in their punishment. They consider it a religious duty, and they must carry it out in a very effective manner.

I saw the children going to school, and heard them studying aloud, as is their custom in the day schools. It blessed my soul to see that a good mission work was being carried on there, in which young hearts are learning to know the Christ, and whose lives will mean much to bring the light to those about them.

Near Penang is an island to which several hundred lepers have been sent to keep them away from the people. It is provided for by the English government, and a similar place is being prepared for the Boers of South Africa. Only those who take care of lepers and the missionaries who go to carry the bread of life are allowed on this island. This is a hard and self-sacrificing work, but their reward is sure and their crowns will be bright. When Jesus was on earth, He went to the lepers and He still has those who will follow Him there.

As we were returning to the ferry, a little beggar girl came running up to us and we each gave her a penny, at which she seemed much pleased.

We returned to our steamer and watched the beautiful sunset. I sat on deck and watched the boats as they darted around the harbor, like so many fire flies, each one going at good speed, and after performing its mis-

sion, returning, ready to go again. I watched the unloading of the ship. It was different from what it was at the other ports. They had tracks laid on the wharf, besides many cars and several switches. They would send the loaded car down one track and bring the empty car back on another. After watching this for sometime, I asked what all those cars were loaded with, and was told it was opium. They said tons and tons of that stuff were shipped there every year, besides a large amount raised in China. It is the curse of China, as it weakens the body, as well as damns the soul of thousands and thousands every year. How sad that any Christian nation will have anything to do with this abominable business. Where one missionary is sent, there are tons of this accursed stuff on the same steamer, and when the missionaries meet these poor lost souls, in addition to the natural heathen darkness, they are crazed with this awful drug, which paralyzes mind and body, and they are in such an awful condition they can scarcely receive the Gospel message nor treat with respect the Gospel messenger, who comes from a country that blesses and curses at the same time. "Consistency, thou art still a jewel of rare beauty, and very few

dig into the unknown depths and enjoy thy adorning. Where art thou?"

As I went from place to place in dark China, the burden of dying souls was on my heart, one of the saddest sights that met my gaze was the sign, "American Fine Whiskies Just Received," and the whisky had no doubt come on the same steamer that brought the missionary. The curse of the whole world, with its passion, death, and hell, is sent to this helpless people who know not God. It seems that the blush of guilt and shame would come to the cheek of the nation, and the "Stars and Stripes," representing blessed freedom, would hang at half mast, until this poisonous serpent, which has so long been the curse, is driven from the land, and we have true freedom. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." Why should not Christian America make a move on this line that would make proud England ashamed of her public houses, where whole families go for refreshment? These nations which have been so proud in the past, may in the near future be put to confusion. Why are not the millions of dollars that are yearly used to kill men, used to save them? How can we hope to have our prayers answered in a foreign land

until a great reform takes place in the home lands, and "Prohibit" is the watchword. This is an enormous question that must sooner or later be settled, by ballot or blood. It seems that the nation's cup of iniquity is almost full, and judgment will precede mercy, and curses instead of blessings will be given to us in an unlimited degree, if we fail to walk in the light. It seems that it can already be said of us, "Eyes have they, but they see not."

As we were nearing our destination, I felt loath to leave the room in which I had spent so many hours in prayer, and with my Bible, and where others had prayed with me. Last of all my Swiss friend came and prayed in his own language, that his heart might be filled with the Spirit of God. He so much desired to be all the Lord would have him be, and instead of his life being a blank, as in the past, that he might accomplish something for God. Oh, it matters not in what language a prayer is uttered, the Lord understands and will answer the heart cry. I had prayed so much for this young man that when he came to my room to pray, I could but weep tears of joy.

I felt a real gratitude in my heart to God for his special care during that trip of five thousand miles, and also felt grateful to the

Captain and crew that through tempest and calm, rain and sunshine, for their faithfulness, that we were landing in another field of service for the Master, Shanghai, China.

The empire of China is a mighty center of heathen worship, a field of conquest and victory. We felt like stepping softly where the martyred blood had so recently been shed, and more of earth had joined the first martyr, Stephen, whose face shone like an angel. The people could cover his head with stones, but could not erase the shine of beauty placed upon his face by the Divine Hand, for his faithful service. The eyes of the Christian world had been turned upon that field because of the awful tragedy, and with sinking hearts, asking, what could be done. We must arise! Is any life blood too good to be spilled on the field? The fidelity of those martyrs have doubtless sent new life to many fainting hearts, many sparks have been fanned into flame as they have read of the last words and acts of these heroes and heroines, who were willing to die with Christ, but could not live without Him. May the noble service rendered by those who have fallen be continued by others whose lives are pure and holy. My prayer was that many who heard of those

martyrs would say, "Here am I, send me," and that the vacant places would be filled by blood-bought, blood-washed, Holy-Ghost-filled men and women, who will follow the Master on to victory whithersoever He goeth. It is said that as many were martyred in China within twelve months as had been martyred in all the world in the last two hundred and fifty years, but He giveth us the victory, and we are more than conquerors through Jesus' blood. Oh, China, there is hope for thee in the blood of Calvary! May God grant that very soon the land that is now in midnight darkness may soon be illumined by the Sun of Righteousness that shall shine over the whole empire, and that this great nation, with all its possibilities, may be brought to the feet of Jesus and receive a crown of victory from Him who has loved us and bought us with His own precious blood.

A missionary in China came to meet us and we spent the evening in his home, talked over the wonderful love of God, read our Bibles and prayed, and I talked on the leading of the Holy Ghost, then returned to the ship in a jinrickisha, which is pulled along by a man instead of a horse.

Had a blessed stay in China. Souls were

saved and sanctified, for which we praise God. It was a pleasant surprise to get to see the missionaries and spend an evening with them. We found sweet surprise all along the way, and the presence of Jesus was so real, it seemed that I could see Him as He died on Calvary to save us from our sins.

Upon landing on Chinese soil, we were greeted by a smiling set of natives, and we found more life and energy in China than India. All seemed to get at least one piece of our baggage, which was sometimes taken in a whellbarrow, or by a coolie with a bamboo pole, and rope, placing something on each end of the pole and tying it on with the rope. They placed it upon their shoulders and started off in a Chinese trot, as if they had won a special victory, or was better than his fellow countrymen who did not get the job. This was new and novel, and we had to keep along and watch our baggage, or it would have been taken to some hotel or somewhere else, and we might never have gotten it again. The Chinese are odd in their customs. It is sometimes amusing to see the disposition they made of the queue. They sometimes wrap it around the head, sometimes around the arm, and sometimes it hangs down the back. Their

dress is more neat and becoming than that of the natives of India.

When I went on the steamer, I was met by a Chinaman who could speak English and he showed me my room, and the steamer pulled out, but it had not gone far when the engines played out and we had to anchor for about eight hours waiting for another steamer, which took us to Nanking.

The cities of China so steeped and paralyzed under the power of idolatry are beginning to feel the burden. We know her only hope is in God. He is her only salvation, and the martyr's blood ought to deepen the desire to see her saved by those who survived, and ought to cause many to live for her salvation, which was the object of them who died.

Upon my arrival at Nanking, I heard that others had been there to meet me, but as we were delayed, they had returned home. I went ashore and had a coolie to carry my baggage, got in one jinrickisha and had my baggage placed in another, and started for the Friends' Mission, a distance of five miles. It was then late, and we had to be through the gates of Nanking by a certain hour or they were closed and a government seal placed on them, and the penalty of breaking that seal

was death. A heavy storm came up, I had never seen such flashes of lightning, or seldom heard such peals of thunder, and after winding in and out through the narrow streets, not knowing where they were taking me, as I could not speak to the coolies, but I prayed and they pulled and we arrived in the city just before the gate was closed, and it was still some distance to the mission. They pulled me around through the city for an hour or so, and I began to feel that we ought to be at our destination. The storm was still increasing, and all I could do was pray and believe that God would deliver me. It came to me to speak, though I knew I would not be understood, did not know a word of Chinese, so I used a Hindoo word, which means "go quickly," but meant nothing to the Chinese, but just as I spoke a couple of missionaries hurrying across the path and hearing it, said, "That is the voice of a stranger," and stopped the coolies. The missionaries could not get the men to tell them where they were taking me, but the Lord sent them along to deliver me. Truly, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them."

We found our way to the mission and received a hearty welcome and felt very much

THE GATE THROUGH WHICH YOU PASS IN ENTERING NAN-KING, CHINA.

at home. Praise the Lord! After arriving at the mission, the rain just poured, and I hoped that this would be the beginning of "showers of blessing" for the people of those walled cities, not filled with giants, but with Chinese, poor lost souls, whom Jesus died to save.

The condition in which these people are found demands Divine assistance. Nothing short of that will reach and supply the need which is an imperative one, and must be met. I was much impressed with the manner and behavior of the Chinese. Aside from their curiosity, they were very kind and courteous, and will offer some of their food when they partake of the same, and are happy and joyful about all their work. Chinese in their own country seem different from Chinese in our country. I like them at home better, as they seem to get along with each other, except a little hair pulling at times over who shall get the traveler and his baggage, etc., in which the best man wins. Then the difficulty is all over and the others stand about laughing. The Chinese seem to be more willing to work than the Hindoos. They want to take you to your destination as quickly as possible so that they may get their pay. They took me through some narrow streets and dark places, and I

was thankful when I was safe in the mission.

The next morning I met the one who hauled me into the city, and we exchanged greetings by smiling at each other, that was all we could do, and I said from my heart, "God bless him and save him."

The second morning, after a good night's rest, Wilbur Estes and I started on a journey of twenty-five miles, Wilbur on a donkey and I in a chair with five coolies. A foreigner was a queer sight to them, and we were under inspection all day by the natives. Whenever we stopped, they asked many questions about me and my clothes. At one place they wanted me to take my shoes off so they could see how they were put on. They surrounded us when we stopped, grandfather, grandmother, children and grandchildren. It was a great sight, and one that touched our hearts, and we bowed our heads and prayed. They were like sheep without a shepherd, and it seemed such a wonderful opportunity to preach the Gospel. A voice is speaking, "Whom shall we send? Who will go for us?", and many will answer the voice and obey the call of God.

We came down to the river and went across on a Chinese junk. It shook us up some, but did not last. Then I again was seated in my

NOT EXACTLY MODERN, BUT SATISFACTORY TO 400,000,000 PEOPLE.

chair and our journey continued, over smooth and rough places, through mud and water, and after going a short distance we came to a stream. There was a fishing boat near, and we were all taken across in it, and we continued about as before, and with about the same speed. After awhile we came to a Chinese road, which is a narrow path for donkeys, wheelbarrows and footmen, no wheeled carts can go there. The coolies stopped and took some tea, the natives gathered around us with smiling faces, as much as to say, "Who are you, and for what have you come?" I could talk only through Mr. Estes, but this was a source of relief both to me and to them, as I was many miles away from any other white person. It was one of those beautiful June days, that needs no description. The natives were in their fields sowing rice. This is their main food, and some were cutting, binding and stacking their wheat, which was good in quantity and quality. Others were preparing the ground for another crop, the first being taken off. The women work the same as the men, and the children can be seen with a bowl of rice and chopsticks, and the older people with their opium pipes. All along the road for many miles can be seen temples where the

people burn incense to their heathen gods, that they may have good crops.

About half past six in the evening we arrived at Lu Hoh, and were taken in through a small gate to the Friends' Mission, under the charge of Wilbur and Julia Estes. Mrs. Estes had been waiting some hours for our arrival, and she had been the only white person in a city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants. This is a **foreign** mission.

The first Sunday in China, the rain may have decreased the attendance, but did not have that effect on the blessing, for we had a good meeting. A man whose wife had died a few days before was present with five children. She was a Christian, and died happy, and it had a good effect on the surrounding community. She said she saw Jesus coming for her. It was the first Christian funeral there. They had some songs, then Mr. Estes spoke. The service was conducted in Chinese, and I could not understand a word, but could feel the Spirit. It is wonderful that if we go to the uttermost part of the earth, God is there, and we can worship Him in spirit and in truth. After Mr. Ester had spoken, I followed, telling them of some scenes in Palestine, and that it was my privilege to see those places where

WILBUR A. ESTES, A MISSIONARY WHO INTERPRETED FOR US IN CHINA.

Jesus lived, walked, talked, suffered and died. They listened attentively, although it was slow work speaking through an interpreter.

I had then had the Holy Ghost for nine years, but I had never felt such a weight of glory as on that day, as we talked of the past, and how He had led us to victory through Jesus. They were preparing for a feast, but I was having a feast in my soul. I wish they knew the soul feast that is for all, that does not come just once a year, but lasts all the time. All, rich and poor alike, are welcome to it; the learned and the ignorant, the young and the old, all may come. How blessed to see those missionaries carrying out the great commission, and taking the message of salvation to those needy souls. Yet there is room for more. They are so needy, and yet seem to be unconscious of it. Some received the message, and unto them it is the "power of God unto salvation." This is the work that was on the heart of the Son of God, and ought to be on more hearts today than it is. Somebody is responsible for them—400,000,000 of Chinese alone, without the Gospel.

On my arrival at the mission, I was shown to my room which had rather odd doors and windows, but was nice and very cozy. It was

all ready when I arrived, and was added to the already large numbers of places where I had been entertained, and had become so precious to me, because God was there. That was also a place of rest and prayer. He had taken away every care, and I had been looking forward to that time and place with great anticipation. It was beyond my expectation, and already the presence of the Holy Ghost was even more precious than ever. He gave such sweet confirmation to human obedience, and the glory increased more and more as we had real heart talks about God and His wonderful leadings, without a plan of our own or any arrangements being made. The Divine hand is precious in its touch and clear in its painting, and while it cannot be explained, it can be obeyed. How precious to follow Jesus all the way and to feel we are laborers together with God. Glory! What a blessed communion we had there, shut in from the world. It seems that God was yet unknown in the missionary field as He should be known, that there were possibilities and powers to be utilized that had never been brought to bear on the heathen land, and hidden forces and resources at our command of which we had never dreamed. It is God's thought for us to go on and possess

the land, for it is ours by promise, and it should become ours by possession. We are all well able to take our possession, and we should advance on disputed territory and set up our banners in the name of the Lord.

Faith has yet to be tested in its ability to take an onward march, overcoming every difficulty, and answering every question. She is equal to every emergency, and found in the home or foreign field. One must have a living faith to meet this world that is dead in trespasses and sin; a faith that sees the unseen and lives in the unknown; that is not dependent on man, but finds its beginning and continuation and its end in God, the eternal One, and is unexplained by the reasoning of all minds. There must be something about our lives that no one understands, something that will close the mouth and tie the tongue of the gainsaying that will put the carnal mind to confusion, and defeat the devil in all his plans. It is the faith of the Son of God, given by the Holy Ghost, that is needed in this land and will be honored all over the world in the salvation of the heathen.

The customs of China are very different from those of our country, and usually just opposite to ours. In the manner of the burial

of the dead, for instance, they often place the coffin on the top of the ground, sometimes covering it and at other times leaving it uncovered. And when a son wishes to give his father a present that will be much appreciated, he gives him a coffin, which is placed somewhere about the house until it is needed, then he is prepared for sudden death, at least so far as the coffin is concerned, and I am told that is one of the main things with them.

A Christian funeral was conducted here which was a real object lesson. There was speaking and singing at that funeral. A grave about six feet deep was dug. The way the whole service was conducted was a great surprise to the Chinese, and made a great impression upon all who attended, and we hoped it would be the means of the salvation of souls, and thus a blessing. Praise the Lord! After the funeral was over, the natives circulated the story that the eyes and heart of the deceased had been taken out. They are very superstitious, and these things are in the way of reaching them with the Gospel, as they seem to think they will suffer if they accept it, instead of being blessed by it, and only the Holy Ghost can convince and convict and save these lost souls. The work must be of God.

A CONFUCIAN TEMPLE.

Lord, we will obey thy voice, Thy way is our choice. Glory!

China's mineral wealth is undeveloped, as they believe that the good spirit placed the gold under the ground, and if they rob him of it, they will lose in some other way, as a penalty for their theft. Much of their money is spent for opium, which is the chief cause of poverty and destitution.

I was told that the Confucius Temple has the roof turned up at the corners to keep the devil from coming down into the temple, as they think he can go on straight places, and in building houses they do not set them in straight lines as we do, but irregular, as they say the devil goes in straight lines.

Miss Holmes who began the work there was at that time in America on a furlough, and they have a man who has charge of the gate, a cook, a Bible woman, a woman who does the housework, and the Chinese teachers. They have two chapels, one for men and one for women. They have the children's meetings once a week. The mission is located on one of the main streets of the city, and the people pass to and from the country, stop for a time, and get to hear of the Bread of Life, and that if they receive it they shall never hunger.

This is the way to "preach the Gospel to every creature." Many hearts in this way hear for the first time of Jesus. May God continually bless the messages given from that place, and send the rays of Gospel light far and near to those who sit in heathen darkness. A splendid work is being done there.

The people had been making great preparation for their annual feast, the "Dragon Festival," and the whole city seemed to be in an uproar and confusion, and the "dragon" was exalted and every one bowing to him. What a contrast to the words of Jesus, when He said, "Every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that I am Lord of lords," to the glory of God the Father. God hasten the day! The feast day, or so-called "dragon day" is something like our Fourth of July. Fireworks are heard from early morning. The Chinese like a great deal of noise, and know how to make it too. I cannot describe it. It must be heard, and even if you hear it, you are ignorant of its meaning. They have three special feasts each year. They make these periods times of settlement of debts. This teaches us a good lesson. A good Chinese must pay his debts. He does not need Christianity to teach him that. All business stops at this time, and they

make great preparation for the feast. It is looked forward to by all classes. We remained in our room, but heard so much noise that we were glad when it was over. Their main preparation is in dress. Fine colors are a great delight. All seemed to be ready, although it had been raining more than a week. The next feast is at the New Year, when all old accounts must be settled, and men may be seen late at night with their Chinese lanterns, coming after people and also paying out money, that they may go into the New Year without any encumbrance by debt, and those who do not settle things in the old year are not trusted in the New Year. This is also an object lesson.

When we see the condition of heathendom and how the people are bound by such tradition and in such deep need, and do not even know to cry to God for a supply, we do not wonder that Jesus Christ sweat great drops of blood as it were, which fell to the ground. No wonder His aching heart was broken for the sins of the world. Oh, Gethsemane meant much to this lost world!

The coming of the mail to a foreign missionary station is an anxiously looked for event, especially when one is thousands of

miles away from home and friends, and twenty-five miles from any postoffice, it taking one day to go, and another to return, in order to get in touch with the outside world. How anxiously they wait for the latest news! And wonder if their letters bring news of disappointment or happiness, sorrows or joys of their friends and loved ones. A man is secured for the journey and paid ten cents in silver, or five cents in gold, and two days for the trip. In America we would think that poor pay, but there they are proud of it, and are satisfied. He comes in the morning with his bamboo pole and baskets and starts on his way at an early hour in order to be able to return next day. Sometimes he is detained and does not return until the third day, but if he should stay on his own accord, he receives pay for two days only. The evening passes very slowly the day the mail is to arrive, and we begin to wonder if the man got across the river all right, and whether there was any mail for us, or if the foreign mail had been detained by any plague cases on shipboard, and many other things come to our minds, but they all vanish like mist before the sun when his arrival is announced. He is a much-looked-for man, though soon forgotten after the mail is re-

ceived, and you again feel you are in the land of the living, as none of the letters date back more than a month. You are again in touch with home and friends, telling of their faith and prayer for you, which makes you feel one of them, and that the Holy Ghost will lead on to victory all over the world. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and the world and they that dwell therein, and He careth for all."

The meeting that night was a blessed one. We had gathered for the regular mid-week meeting at the mission. It was rainy, but was a time of special blessing. Mrs. Estes led the meeting, singing and reading; then she talked awhile and asked me to speak, which I was glad to do. It was a great privilege to witness to those hungry souls. After talking to them awhile, I asked them to receive the Holy Ghost, and I shall never forget the first one who came to the altar. She was the Bible woman of the mission, a mother with her babe in her arms. She goes about from home to home with her Bible and reads and prays with the people. The next who came was the evangelist, a man who goes from village to village, sometimes alone, and sometimes with a missionary, preaching the Gospel and distributing

tracts and doing all he can to get people to become Christians—"Line upon line and precept upon precept." Then the woman who does the housework came. She is not quite so bright, but believes for all things, and certainly Divine wisdom makes up for human ignorance, and I believe that God will give her the desire of her heart. The man who had lost his wife, and been left with the five little children, came next. He surely needed the Comforter, for no one can comfort like Him. Jesus sent Him to take the place of all, and He surely does it. Glory to His name! It was such a great and precious privilege to pray for and with these souls, and on the following morning to hear the three testimonies, some one interpreting their words. I could see the Divine light on their faces. They seemed so happy and contented, their testimonies being to that effect. My faith was brighter and my heart was lighter than ever before. It was the work of the Holy Ghost, and it was marvelous. I want to know Divine possibility in human emergency. It is simply wonderful.

It had been a blessed week, but the time came for us to go, and we left Lu Hoh. Mrs. Estes was taken sick, and they persuaded her to go to Nanking. We left in a procession,

AN IDOL FIFTEEN FEET HIGH, GUARDING THE TEMPLE OF THE 10,000 GODS.

four donkeys and one chair; Mr. Estes on one donkey, the Bible woman on another, I on another, and still another carrying our baggage. It was rather cloudy in the morning, and we must have been a great sight, as all the people were at their doors looking at the foreigners leaving town for the summer. Mrs. Estes was in the chair, carried by the four coolies, who headed the procession, and we fell in line, continuing on our journey, stopping only for our men to have a smoke and some food, which they desire often; and we were helpless and had to wait their time. One cannot have his own way in China, especially when dependent on the native brethren for passage.

When we reached the river, we could not get to the place the way we desired, as the rains had raised the water, and we could not pass. A fishing boat was making its way up the river and we made signs to it to come to shore. After the price was set, fifty cents in Chinese money, twenty-five cents in ours, we paid our fare, including our luggage, to Nanking, and went aboard. At the different places we stopped on the way; when the people would crowd up around us, Mrs. Estes would preach the Gospel. They would get so close that you

could scarcely get a breath of fresh air, but one could preach on stale air in order to give them the pure Gospel. After taking the boat, the wind took us for a while, then we were towed part of the way, and the tide took us the remainder. We arrived at the mission where all seemed glad to see us, and we were happy to get to a place where we could get some food, as we were getting hungry after going most of the day in the hot sun without much to eat. So many touching scenes came to our sight that all we could do was to pray. We prayed for a blessed time there, and believed that the Lord gave it. We had many answers to prayer after landing in China, and are believing for more on this field, which was stained with the blood of martyrs, and our hearts were grieved that but a remnant was left to hold up the standard till others came to the rescue.

They were singing when I went in, and took my seat on the platform beside the Superintendent. I saw strange faces, but they were singing our songs. After the general exercises, the school was divided into classes. I went into the infant class. This was my choice, and it seemed very nice, like our school, and all seemed to enjoy it. After

studying the lesson, we came together for the closing exercises which were also good. A young lady sang a solo, and it was beautiful. We again met for worship, and I spoke on some of the things which Jesus did while here on earth. They were so reverent, and we could just feel the presence of God. When the altar call was given, a number came. Some were so hungry for God and to be filled with the Spirit. In the afternoon I spoke to the missionaries of Nanking in a union service, and the Holy Ghost was present in power and souls came to the altar and received Him. So many of the dear souls needed to know what the Holy Ghost victory is, to be filled with the Spirit, and live in victory all the time, and to be kept in that land under the awful power of sin that is to be found there.

I visited a mission and had a meeting with the Chinese, and all seemed so happy, and some prayed and received the Holy Ghost. I also visited the Methodist mission and held a meeting with the Chinese and a number there said they were hungry to know more of God; they were a very nice class of Chinese, and seemed to be happy. Some prayed for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. We sang, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and parted

forever. May the Lord keep all who gave themselves to Him unto that day. At that place they all seemed to be sent of God and are ready to live, or die, if necessary, for the Gospel's sake, and we believe God will lead them on for His name's sake. We had prayer together, and it seems that it was in answer to special prayer that they had been preserved before. Our hearts were greatly touched, as we heard their stories. God bless them! Iron gates were being opened by dead men for living men to enter.

Others shall stand on ground not yet taken with the Gospel sword, because these were willing to die for the glory of God. Many letters have been read by the living, which were written by these whose hearts are stilled, and we can say truly, "He being dead yet speaketh," and, "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." It may be that these deaths have accomplished more than long lives would have done, and we will bow in submission to this loss, as it is their gain, and we will be true to God. As "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church," we shall expect a church in China "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing," and that it will flourish like the palm tree and grow like the

WERE IT NOT FOR SUCH AS THESE WE MIGHT DESPAIR OF.
WINNING CHINA FOR CHRIST.

cedar of Lebanon, and that our God shall do mighty things for His people and their deliverance. Our God is able to deliver us for His name's sake.

It seems wonderful that there is such a country as China and such a people as the Chinese. This country seems almost wholly undeveloped in its resources, and under the power of heathenism it will always be so. But as light and power to dispel the darkness comes, all things will be changed, and the country and people will be changed by the power of God, and many will be saved. God hasten the day! It is so sad to see those beautiful hills covered with heathen temples and those roads lined with idols that are powerless to answer the prayer being offered to them by hearts crushed with burdens unbearable, sad and in poverty, bowing here and obtaining no relief and no assistance, by continuing in ways that are not pleasantness and paths that are not peace.

My heart was made more tender as I saw the need of the world. The need of China must be met by a Divine Hand. And the darkness, so dense that it can be felt, can only be swept away when God says, "Let there be light." Their condition, mind, body and soul

is appalling, and God is the only One who can bring to them salvation by the personal work of the Holy Ghost. Many talents that God has given are wrapped in the napkin of idolatry, and have never been put to usury for the glory of God. This people seems to be a good natured people, and are jolly and lively and would be a people God could use. After they are saved, they could be used to spread the Gospel over their great empire where darkness now reigns—for all is under a cloud.

About one-eighth of the Chinese population have no homes, but live on the water. This would be about 50,000,000 that would have to be reached on the water, and would be harder to reach than those on the land. But they must have the Gospel at any cost, and will have it, and it will be to them the "power of God unto salvation," and they will rejoice with us that our names are written in Heaven, and sing with us redemption's songs of glory.

In those days that I have been permitted to spend in their land, and since I came in touch with its needs, I am of the conviction that men and women of the Holy Ghost ought to be scattered here and there in that country, like so many fire-brands, spreading this Gospel that keeps as well as saves from sin. And the

special work of the Holy Ghost is not a theory, but a reality, and only this will break the spell and power that binds souls. One must be filled and faithful to carry out the Divine commission and preach to these creatures. The greater pressure brought to bear there can be met by the presence and person of the Divine, and theory fades away. But we must be practical, as well as spiritual, glory to God!, and not compromise with the flesh and the devil, as many are doing. God help us to be true.

Nanking is a city of several thousand inhabitants, surrounded by a wall with eleven gates leading into the city, which are closed at night. When any special trouble comes, the gates are sealed by the viceroy, the seal being a piece of paper pasted on the gate, and if the seal is found broken, the penalty must be paid by death. It is not much of a business place. The greater part of the city was destroyed at one time, and has never been rebuilt, and I suppose never will be, but I could see many ruins showing its size in former times. There were a number of foreigners there, mostly missionaries, and some Custom Officers. One man who is there in the Custom Office was with Stanley in Africa.

The missionaries did not cause the trouble

in China, and the most of them were treated with respect by the Chinese, and they seemed especially glad to have them in Nanking, and treated them very kindly, working to aid them in every way possible for "a few cash," and they are content with small pay, though they make a great deal of fuss about it. There would have been much trouble at the place in 1900, had not the viceroy, when he received the orders to kill the missionaries, cried and said, "They have done no harm. Why should we kill them?" He ignored the command, and instead, said they should receive the best protection he could give them. After being on the ground, and knowing the condition of affairs, I could clearly see God's hand and know that God is true to those who trust Him. It seems that the viceroy did more to keep trouble out of this part of China than any other man. He gave the order that if any one was seen disturbing a foreigner, he should be beheaded. About thirty of them met death in this way, and things were soon as quiet as a heathen city could be, as they make much noise, even when they think they are quiet in Nanking, or anywhere else in China.

One of the principal things here is the

King's tombs, and the Temple of Ten Thousand Gods, which is a wonderful sight.

The simplicity of life is impressed upon one who is not used to such scenes. You can hardly understand how they live on so little, how they could hardly exist. They do not drink cold water, and this may be one reason they can live. All they eat or drink must be hot. During the flood many of them had to leave their homes, but they did not seem to think much about it. I was sorry to see them, but unable to do anything to help them. It is understood that if one Chinaman saves the life of another, he must support him as long as he lives, and they expect others to do the same; therefore they do not put forth much effort to save them unless they are very dear friends, and have much wealth, but nearly always let them die.

As the people come with their manifold diseases you are touched with the feeling that the need is very great, and I prayed that they might come to know Him for their bodies. How wonderful it would be! One can just feel that they have been subdued by sorrow and suffering, and have only the kindest feeling for them. Jesus had compassion for them. One day I was at the hospital, when a number

came to be treated for various diseases, and it was touching indeed to see their poor diseased bodies, and to hear their pitiful stories. Some said their friends had been helped, and they came with fear and trembling, not knowing whether they would be killed or cured. They did look so helpless. It was quite an interesting sight, however, to see the first dose of medicine given to a child. The child does not take the medicine with the thought of being either killed or cured, but more in imitation, and to be like the older people.

The people there seem very different to those farther up the river and farther in the interior. There had been many foreigners there, and coming and going they had become acquainted with strangers. Yet a foreigner is always an object of public inspection, on arriving and leaving the city. Many things impressed me with the fact that I was not at home, but in China, which is still an unknown quantity, and will continue to be without the cost of life and the flow of blood we have not yet seen. This was my impression of China.

After spending three weeks in the city of Nanking, not feeling very well, with others, we decided to go to Kuhling, a resort for many missionaries during the summer months, to

be refreshed for the remainder of the year's work. This is not a luxury, but a necessity. We took a steamer, and had a very nice voyage, and the last fifteen miles we had to be carried in chairs. I had four coolies to the first rest house, and six the remainder of the journey up the mountain side, arriving at about nine o'clock at night.

After a season of prayer, they made arrangements for meetings. These meetings were known as "Holiness meetings," and souls received the Holy Ghost. I remained two weeks, and after I left, the meetings were continued and many souls found the Lord, and I believe great results will come from these days of prayer and waiting before God. I considered this one of the grandest opportunities of my life to witness to the saving and sanctifying power of God.

That was a fine place for recreation and relaxation, and ought to be a place attractive for its spiritual power, and missionaries ought to receive and know the abiding Comforter, which would increase their life and power in the Gospel. There seems to be a man-fearing spirit, which must grieve the Holy Ghost, and greatly binds the work. A man who has been on the foreign fields two years, whose con-

version was clear, and God had led him in a remarkable way many times, under tests and had gone to others who were supposed to know God better than he, and asked them if there were an experience where there would be no warfare in the soul, and they told him that this was "the fight of faith," which was spoken of in the Word of God, and that we were to be faithful in this fight until death, and then we would receive the "crown of life." This did not satisfy his hungry soul, and after the message was given, telling them that the roots of sin and the desire for sin could be taken out of their hearts, and the Holy Ghost would come in and teach and keep them free from sin, and in constant victory, so that they could win souls, and tell every one that they could live a life of holiness while they were on this earth, and then continue the same in heaven; he came with tears and asked if this experience was for him. We told him it was for him, and for everybody who would meet the conditions. He said, "I am ready to receive Him now," and with a broken heart he surrendered all and received Him. Of all the people who ought to be free in Jesus Christ, it is the missionaries, yet it is a sad fact many are not so. I shall never forget the impression of those days, and

some expressions of need and hunger for some hearts who seemed to have lost sight of the promise, "But my God shall supply all your need." There is such a monotony to so many lives, which ought not to be, when there is such variety in life "hid with Christ in God." I am so glad that I can witness to this in my own soul and speak of the fullness of a Spirit-filled life. May the Lord bless those dear souls. I am sure if all would obey God, that those friends would hear a new voice, see a new face and hear an encouraging word from a far country.

Dr. DeVol, a friend who received the Holy Ghost at Nanking, kindly went with us to Shanghai. He stood faithfully by me in all my services. God bless him! On the way to Shanghai we were caught in a typhoon, and had to anchor for two days, which gave us an opportunity to talk to the captain and crew, and to sing songs and to witness to full salvation. One Chinese was saved, and they seemed to be much affected by the power of God. One night they thought the vessel was going down, and there was much confusion among the passengers so I was told. I slept with my head pillowed on the promise, "He giveth His beloved sleep." Praise God we are alive forever

more! He ever liveth to make intercession for us.

On arriving at Shanghai, I went to the Missionary Home, where I remained until I sailed for Japan. I had meetings at the Presbyterian church, Seaman's Mission, Beulah Chapel and at Mr. Woodbury's work of the Christian and Missionary Alliance; had blessed meetings at each place, and souls sought and received the Holy Ghost. I met a native there whose testimony and shining face did my soul good. I am so glad that some leave all to follow Jesus, and are willing to live or die for his sake, and the salvation of souls.

After spending two months in China, I was convinced that there was a battle still unfought between Christianity and Paganism, and when this battle is fought, **Christianity will win,** but the lives of many will yet be taken and much blood shed to give China the freedom purchased for her by our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. These obstacles can only be met and overcome by Divine wisdom, and victories be won by Divine power. All else is a failure in China, as well as in other fields of work. This is essential.

These questions came to me on seeing the missionaries of the different fields: "How did

they get there?" "Who sent them, God or Man?" "Have they the preparation for this great work which God intended?" According to their own testimony, many have gone forth to the field of battle without the Divine commission, or Divine preparation. Of all things, no one should go to the foreign field without these two essential qualifications. If they do, they will be driven back with great slaughter, and when weighed in God's balance, will be found wanting. To know God, is the secret of the whole thing. It is not to know the language. That is not enough. Many know the language, and are not soul-winners. It is not to know the people. Many live in the same house, eat the same food, dress in native apparel, and yet, show little fruit in service. It is not to be a good builder, an architect, and have good buildings. They only look at these, and no conviction is produced. It is first, last, and all, to know God in prayer and power, and to know this, is to know the Holy Ghost, who is grieved and in many places almost ignored. I asked a missionary if she had received the Holy Ghost, and she told me that she felt she could not have gone through what she had if she had never received Him. And I said, "Very well, you ought to know." The next morning

before I left my room, the coolie brought me a note which stated that she had had no rest that night, and asked me to forgive her for saying what she did the night before, and that she wanted to receive the Holy Ghost. After a time of prayer and waiting before God, she fully surrendered to Him for time and eternity, and received the witness of the Holy Ghost. In her own words, "He came to abide forever." The life of many a dear missionary is so filled that very little time is spent in communion with God. This is a sad mistake that is being made by many, and is productive of sad results, both in the individual life of the missionary and in the work in which he or she is engaged. Communion with God ought to precede all service that is to be fruitful, and bring glory to God.

Dr. DeVol went with me on the steam launch to the steamer, and after prayer on the ship, he went ashore. We waved as long as we could see each other, then he returned to his work among the lost of China, and I to carry the message of salvation to different fields.

I had sent a telegram to Tokyo, announcing the arrival of the steamer at Yokohama, and when I reached there, Mr. Cowman, and three of his band were waiting for me, and gave me

a warm welcome to Japan, the Sunrise Empire, a land where blessed awakening is taking place. I believe that God sent me at that time. It was a beautiful evening, and I was praying most of the time for the natives that crowded about us on all sides. I felt that I could not speak to them, but could pray for them, and God does answer prayer. Souls were saved and believers sanctified. We arrived at Tokyo about seven o'clock, and after a few minutes walk, we came to Brother Cowman's, and praised the Lord from a full heart, that He had brought us safely to another country to witness to His power to save and sanctify souls, and that others might receive Him. We sang and prayed until a late hour, then we retired, feeling grateful to God for all His favors and blessings that He had so freely bestowed upon us, worms of the dust.

On Sunday, we went a distance of about five miles to service, a man pushing us in a rickisha. This is not the most desirable way of traveling, but you do not have any choice. It is this way or walk, so we submitted. When we arrived at the place of worship, we found a very nice audience to greet us with bowed heads, a unique welcome. When all the seats were taken and many seated on the floor, the service

began. It was a wonderful time. A Japanese who was to interpret for me had charge of the service. "Hover O'er Me Holy Spirit" was sung in the Spirit. A Japanese lady played the organ while the audience sang. They had a season of prayer, then he introduced me. I did not know what he said. It made no difference, however. After giving the message, I made a call and a number came to the altar, and some said they were saved, others that they had received the Holy Ghost. God knoweth, I was touched to see so many hungry souls in Japan. Heaven must have rejoiced over that day's service, and I believe the fruit has remained, and I pray that those souls shall be kept till Jesus comes. They seemed to be very serious in their worship, and it was a meeting that would be a credit to any place in America. They could teach us many lessons in devotion, and it would be well for us to follow them in reverence and humility. God seeketh such to worship Him "In Spirit and in truth." They did not seem to look at the messenger, but received the message as from God. While there were many places of attraction in the city, none was so attractive to them as the holiness meeting, and most of the people came on time, and were very quiet, and a real spirit

"SASAO SAN," OUR JAPANESE INTERPRETER, AND A TEACHER IN THE HOLINESS BIBLE SCHOOL.

of prayer prevailed during the entire service. God manifested His presence, and my soul was refreshed in giving the Gospel, even though it had to be given through an interpreter, which was very difficult, but it was all for Jesus' sake.

The manners and customs of Japan differ in many ways from those of other foreign countries. They wear wooden shoes and dress in very gaudy clothes, which are very attractive. Many just take a few yards of cloth and wrap it around themselves loosely, tying it around the waist by a cord or belt, and it is very unique. Very simple indeed is their manner of life, and all have their own styles. One is not supposed to enter a native house, even a hovel, without removing the shoes. This is required of both men and women. Another interesting sight is to see a mother carrying her babe strapped to her back. Sometimes the child is crying, sometimes sleeping and sometimes eating. It may be more interesting to see them than to be the child itself. They usually seem to be resigned to their fate without a murmur. This is life. The Indian squaws carry their babes in this manner, but it looked rather strange to see it in Japan. However, it is a constant street scene.

After spending a night in prayer, the way opened to hold a meeting with the missionaries at "Karazuwa." This is a mountain resort about five hundred miles from Tokyo, where many missionaries, and others come to spend the hot summer months, which are so trying in these foreign countries, and where rest and change of this kind must be taken in order to be able to continue the work with efficiency and for the glory of God. Whether one desires to or not, they must do it.

I was accompanied to this place by Mr. Cowman. We had to change cars three times on the journey, but went through a beautiful country. The green rice fields were a beautiful sight, and all the scenery was beautiful and charming. It was a lovely time to see Japan. The recent rains made all look so fresh and nice, and mountains in the distance added much to the appearance of the valleys. The streams finding their way down the rocky precipice are very attractive and refreshing to the traveler. Going up the mountain, we went through twenty-six tunnels. We were very glad when we got through the last one and found ourselves on top of the mountain almost to our destination. The train soon stopped, and some missionaries met us, who were awaiting our

arrival. They gave us a warm welcome, for which we were very grateful to God and man. We felt it would add to the service of the coming day. To God be all the glory. Arrangements were made for our entertainment by Brother Buxton of England, whose kindness we shall never forget. He is a man of God, a man of great faith and prayer.

The meetings were well announced, and from the very first were well attended. There was some opposition manifested, but the fire continued to burn, and many souls came into life and liberty. Some came to my room and gave all to God, and received the Holy Ghost, and went away with victory. It was a meeting of much prayer and special powers.

There were some special cases. We remembre one of a man who had been a deacon in China, who came to the altar and received the Holy Ghost as simple as a child, and he seemed so thankful for the message that brought the light, and said if no one else received Him, it was worth coming to Japan that he might be filled with the Holy Ghost. The warm shake of the hand and the falling tear said to me, "It is done." I never shall forget him. May the Lord keep him until we meet again, or until Jesus comes.

Another case was that of a man and his wife, who came to the altar and sought and found the Holy Ghost, and gave a clear testimony, and seemed so hungry to learn more about how to honor Him, live a life of constant victory, and get others to receive Him. They were very happy, and on leaving, left fifty dollars as an expression of their appreciation of what they had received from God. I believe God has used these dear souls to help many with whom they have come in contact, and who are needy Christians.

These were wonderful days to many souls. The hungry were fed and filled, and the needy were supplied, and souls shall rejoice forever in what God did at that place. "Blest be the tie that binds." We counted this a marvellous victory for holiness, as it had never been preached there before, and no one knew it could be done. Glory to God!

I went from that place to Mito where Guerney and Elizabeth Binford have charge of a mission work. They were doing a grand work, and the Lord was blessing their efforts, and souls were being saved. I was there for ten days. The meetings were blessed, and I was glad to witness to the hungry souls. Some

A BUDDHIST PRIEST IN PRAYER.

came to my room to inquire the way more perfectly, and to be sanctified wholly.

As I came away, I saw some caves near Mito, some mere clefts in the rocks, which were filled with poor people and beggars, who stay there and go around and beg their food. They have scarcely any clothing, and it seemed that when winter came, there would be much suffering among them. There are so many needy ones in that land, one needs to have Divine guidance to know whom to help. There is such dreadful need that one could not see how many of them lived at all.

It was the time of rice harvest, and most of the people were thus engaged. They bind a scaffold of bamboo poles around little pieces of ground, then pull the bunches of rice up by the roots, and tie it into sheaves, then hang it on a pole, so it is at the edge of a piece of ground, then let the bunches dry. Then they beat it and shell it like wheat, and this is their principal food. At that time, one could see all in the field, men, women and children, helping to harvest the precious grain, and garner in that, that will sustain life. Our hearts went out in great compassion for this great multitude of people, who have hope only in this life, and have heard so little of the life to come.

When I arrived in Tokyo, I took a jinrickisha from the station for myself and baggage, and started for a ride of about five miles to Mita Sheba. After going over hills and through valleys, I arrived at my destination, and received a warm welcome from Gilbert and Minnie Bowles, and was told to make my home with them while I remained in Tokyo. It seemed very good indeed to a weary, wayworn traveler, and I felt that God had sent me there, as He had to all the other places, and had prepared the way before me, as He always does. Glory!

The first week I was there, I had a meeting with the Friends. The students from the Girls' School were in attendance, also many others, at most every service. When I went out in the town, my height seemed to attract attention, and I prayed that even this might be blessed to their souls. That is a very aristocratic place, one of the educational centers, yet souls found God and became true followers of Jesus.

After holding meetings there, as the way opened, and having a special time in prayer with workers, they accompanied me to the station, where a large crowd of natives gathered around us, and made a very close investigation as to whether we were men or ani-

mals. Many of them cannot tell men from women, and if they can speak a few words of English, they ask which you are. One has opportunity to cultivate patience. I felt relieved when the train was called, and I was ready to go, locked in by one having authority. The crowd began to disperse as the train moved away, and we felt a prayer in our hearts, and asked God to bless the needy place and to keep those who remained there.

In a special meeting in Tokyo souls were seeking the Lord, and we were glad to see so many ask for the Holy Ghost. Every service was a meeting of great power, and I praised God for the privilege of witnessing for Him to a people who would receive the Gospel. Although spoken through an interpreter, they gave the closest attention, and while I could not understand their prayers. I could understand their tearful eyes and broken spirits, which need no interpreter in any land, as God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and the Blood will save them—the precious blood of Jesus; no other power can save them. These precious scenes can never be forgotten, but will be a blessing to me as long as I live, and "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever," and expect to meet some

of those people in heaven who were saved at those meetings.

I next attended a Holiness Convention held at the Y. M. C. A., and those were blessed days. I was told that more than a hundered souls were at the altar at the first meeting, and as the meetings continued, they increased in attendance and power until the close. It was in many ways a wonderful Convention. I was glad to see the way the Holy Ghost worked in Japan, and felt the power in every meeting. It was such a blessing to me as I met with dear hungry souls. I felt a new love for the Gospel, and Sasao San, my interpreter, had such a sweet spirit, and when he prayed, I felt he was a man of great faith.

That field does not need to wait for months, but is now ready for the reaper, and the old question arises, "Where are the reapers?" The answer is not given—we wait—who will answer? Are there not unknown possibilities and force that curse instead of bless? Is there not blood in the heart that ought to course through the veins and sustain life and give forth life and light and love through the Gospel of the Son of God? Are there not sacrifices that will render a glad-hearted service for the salvation of the millions who know not

God? There are so many shell pickers, who ought to be pearl divers, going down into the deep with God. Money locked up in the banks of New York, brought a panic to America, which if it had been used for the Lord would have saved millions of souls. Thus, it became a curse instead of a blessing. So unsurrendered lives at home, keep many from going to the foreign fields with the message of salvation. It was not what Ananias gave, but what he kept back that brought death to himself and wife. Oh, may many give up their possessions, and be filled with the Holy Ghost and love for souls, and live or die for Jesus! There is no land in greater need of the Gospel than Japan, though in many ways it is quite different to other fields. She does not need more soldiers in uniform, for they are stationed everywhere, but she needs soldiers of the Cross, and many are enlisting under the great Commander.

One morning Brother Nakada came in and brought me some presents, reminding me it was my birthday, and we had a blessed time in prayer together. He then left, and others came in to dinner, and it was quite a surprise. I felt very unworthy of such kindness, but it was highly appreciated, and though ten thousands of miles from home, God gave me such

precious seasons of communion with Himself, and provided all things, and I felt that I would never have enjoyed this day with those dear friends in that land, if I had not received the Holy Ghost. The time spent in Japan was blessed.

One of the saddest of the many sad sights I witnessed in all the lands I visited was the slavery of women. Women in heathen lands are simply slaves. I could scarcely endure to look at some whose heads were silvered over, their backs bent, and their steps tottering, carrying burdens much too heavy for them, especially since they were so near the grave. They seemed no more than beasts of burden. They also suffer great punishment at times, if they have not done that which was required, and it seems to me that women in Christian lands should say, It shall not be. Motherhood shall be respected in all lands, and women have their place in the home and in society, taking her place by the side of her husband. Nothing in all my travels moved me more than this, and this condition can only be bettered by the Gospel being taken to these sad, neglected human beings, whose lives are such that they must feel it would have been better had they never been born, which decision is certainly

true. With Christian motherhood, any nation would be raised, and just as she is respected, will the nation be exalted. Jesus brought woman into a prominent place, and she ought to keep the place given her by the Lord, through the Gospel of the dear Son of God, who was born of woman. After spending several months in a foreign climate and living on foreign food, just before leaving Japan, my appetite left me, and I began getting weaker and weaker. I suffered much day after day in my body, but had such sweet victory in my soul through the abiding of the Holy Ghost. It looked as if I was going down under the climate. Different things were suggested as remedies, but I did not feel clear to resort to these. I constantly grew worse and worse, and became so weak I could hardly be about. There was much ahead to be done, but I could not go ahead with the work in this condition. I began spitting blood and continued thus several days. One day after an earthquake, I was lying on the ground praying when glory filled my soul, and I began to weep and remember how good God had been, how He had saved me when a child, and called me to preach the Gospel; then in a time of such need, He gave me the Holy Ghost, and how wonderfully He had

led me since, and how all my needs had been supplied. Surely I had lacked nothing. I began to praise Him and give Him all the glory. After I had lain there for sometime, I thought I had better go to my room. I had forgotten all about my pain, but upon arising, found that I could hardly walk up stairs. After reaching my room, I had prayer and retired. I began to weep and tell God it must be done. I wanted the will of the Lord to be done by life or by death. I would go all the way at any cost. It seemed that all heaven was filling my soul. This was beyond anything I had ever known. Then it seemed that all my strength left me for a time, and I began to believe God all alone for my healing. A new life came to me then and there. I arose next morning and went to the meeting. The altar was crowded, and I have been going ever since, telling every one they can be saved and filled with the Holy Ghost and healed.

When the time came to leave Japan, the thought of leaving so many thousands in heathen darkness was sad, but the one of leaving a band filled with the Holy Ghost was one of joy and gladness. The sights and scenes of Japan shall never be erased from my memory. The times of great blessing were an in-

spiration and an uplift to my faith in God and my confidence in His Gospel. The ringing of bells and the blowing of horns in a heathen land, when once heard, can never be forgotten. The millions tramping on in darkness, calling upon their gods of wood and stone who make no response to their cry of need, but leave them more powerless, make an indelible impression upon one's life. This cannot be gotten from reading or hearing, but one must place their feet on heathen soil, and breathe the air that has been poisoned for centuries with the smoke from heathen altars, and see the men measuring themselves on the stony ground, with the blood issuing from their sides, in self-torture, while the masses of people adore them for their humility, and watch the great numbers bow at the noise of the drum, to see why the heathen so much need the Gospel. And they must have it, as nothing can take its place. It does not need to be proven, but preached all over this earth.

It was my privilege to preach by the side of a place of heathen worship. It was one of their feast days, and as I walked along, my blood chilled at the awfulness of the sight, and during our whole service the drums were beating and the people carrying on their idol worship.

I spoke loud in order to be heard above the din, and shall never forget my feeling on that occasion. Souls came to the altar and well they might. When we see the power of the devil in a heathen land, or any other, we are conscious that nothing but the power of God is adequate for the fight and to insure victory. However, every soul is saved and has the Holy Ghost, may always be sure of victory, and for this I shall work, and preach, and pray. It is the message of my heart to witness for Jesus, and to get others to receive Him in all His fullness and walk of faith, who can do exploits for God and His glory in heathen lands. That one important word, "tarry" must be held in mind as well as "go." We owe a debt to the heathen world, the principal of which is unpaid and the interest is increasing. A missionary came to one of our meetings and was seeking the Holy Ghost. When he came to the place where he felt that if he gave up all, he would have to return to the home land, as he would not be allowed to hold his place of appointment in the mission of which he was principal, if he was sanctified wholly and preached the doctrine. After a long struggle at the altar, and the devil seemed to do his worst, he arose and said, "While I know God

has called me here, and that I am a child of God, and felt clear in coming, and God has, in a measure, blessed me in His service, yet I am willing to return to the home land rather than to live longer with carnality in my heart," and with tears and great tenderness he raised both hands, and called Heaven, and earth, and hell, to witness that he for time and eternity abandoned himself to God, and let the Holy Ghost come into his heart and have full control of lip and life. The time spent in that land was mostly spent in tears and prayer, and as I left, the thought came that I might never have the privilege of being in the foreign field again, but such a desire came to my heart for others to go, and if I could not go, I could give. In leaving, I felt that I had not followed a cunningly devised fable, but a clear leading of the Holy Ghost, and I returned with the reward of peace, to the land from whence I was called, and feel more like glorifying God than ever, for the greatest opportunity I had ever then had to give out the burning message to dying souls.

As I looked back over the past, I could see the hand of God leading in a very definite manner, and the thought of having stood in that land and represented Jesus Christ meant more

and more. The pressure that is brought to bear upon the mind, body and soul, is only known by those who remain in those heathen lands. The very air you breathe seems to take your strength, and you feel that the investment is more than the income, and that you are giving away under it, and can only depend on God for physical strength, as well as spiritual power, but you are glad to know the truths you could never otherwise believe. There seemed to be an awakening all over the empire of Japan, to hear the Gospel, and they are hearing it with great results. But there must be a large increase in numbers and interest before Japan as a nation receive the Lord Jesus Christ.

When leaving Japan, a number came with me to the steamer, and after prayer and song, we parted, they returning to the shore, and I to sea. There were on shipboard some men who had been around the world in search of gold for Wall Street, and I was glad that I had been around the world in the interest of the Kingdom of God. On the 18th, we passed the International Date Line, which was a long day of forty-eight hours. We did not sight a sail on the entire voyage.

On the morning of the 22nd, we arrived at

Honolulu. After going under some "red tape," we went ashore and spent the day. We went to the Y. M. C. A., and some other places. This indeed seemed to be a new world, with its slow movements, where men pull you around over hill and through valley, and where women are mere beasts of burden. We had left the place where the noise of guns is heard when the city gates are to be closed, and where men wear queues as an expression of loyalty, and where the people with their gowns look like priests, or persons of nobility. We had left the land where the mountains and valleys seemed crimson with the blood of recent martyrdom. We had left the nations all under different flags, and found ourselves under the American flag, the grand old "Stars and Stripes," and with full heart and tearful eye, we said, "Thy will be done," if by no other means, by a life of service and loyalty. We thanked God for His care and protection on the tour. Glory to God!

One week after our arrival in Honolulu on a tossing ship, we left two hundred and sixty tons of cargo, and on the morning of the 29th, at eight o'clock, we passed through the "Golden Gate," and anchored quietly in the bay, and as the fog cleared away, the city of San Fran-

cisco came in sight, and the custom officers and quarantine being passed, we landed on native soil, to the delight of all the passengers.

How grateful we were, after having crossed the swelling tide, to be again in our own land. Many memories crowded upon us, but we first acknowledged the guidance of the Holy Ghost all the way since we had left New York City in 1900. We realized the tender and compassionate way in which He taught us more and more of the things which Jesus said and did. His hand had been in preparation, as we had been giving the message of full salvation in every place and every time there was an opportunity. This is the "power of God unto salvation," in all lands and to all people. It produces the desired effect on rich and poor, young and old, high and low. All need the Gospel, and while there is much to be done, yet, much has been done, and well done, and there are people standing at their posts all over the world, to do or die for Jesus Christ and the Gospel's sake. With simple faith in God, they are doing loyal service by testimony and life, giving forth the message to the hungry millions that crowd around them and listen to the words of eternal life and the glad news. The seed is falling in "good

ground" in many places which will spring up with rich fruitage, and bring forth an abundant harvest. A great responsibility rests upon us to carry the Gospel light to those who "sit in darkness," and "the shadow of death," and the question to consider is not, what will become of the heathen if they do not get the light, but what will become of us if we do not take it to them. They are missing much of the joy of earth, as well as the joy of heaven, and we are missing the joy of obeying the great commission. We must now do a work that should have been done long since, if the people had had the burden of a lost world upon them as Jesus had.

When Queen Victoria died, the news was given to the world in a few days, and the whole world was mourning, because of the removal of this great and good woman, and people who had never seen her, mourned her loss, and with tearful eyes and sad hearts, many bowed their heads to this sad providence, feeling their great loss of a ruler, a mother. In India, in the darkness of heathendom, groups of poor helpless women met and said, "Mother is gone, what shall we do?" They had never seen or known her personally, but had been blessed by her long reign. When President McKinley

was assassinated, two hundred and sixty thousand words were sent out from Buffalo that afternoon, telling the sad news to the nation of which he was the honored head. The word was taken to the world and memorial services were held in many countries. Expressions of sorrow, tokens of respect and appreciation were general, for his ability as a man, as a statesman and a leader and ruler of men, as well as a nation.

Eighteen centuries ago, outside the walls of the City of Jerusalem, on the brow of a high hill, called Calvary, the man of Galilee, the King of Heaven and Earth was crusified, and the world is still waiting for this message of so great importance to heart and life, that affects the destiny of individuals and nations, and many are yet saying, "We have not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost," and have never heard of Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world, who has power on earth to forgive sins. We are responsible. God gave the message to us, and He commanded us to take the tidings to the "uttermost parts of the earth," and what will our answer be to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, if we have neglected this command! Will we not be speechless when we stand before the throne

and see Jesus, who gave His life for us as an expression of love, coming as the first foreign missionary from the shining courts of Heaven, to this lost and dying world, sold under sin and under the power of the devil? He said, "I came to do Thy will, Oh, God." Can we say less? May God help every reader to say it and to keep the vow until Jesus comes, and at whatever cost. "Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe." I will obey His voice, will go if He says go, and will stay if He says stay.

"My Savior calls, I cannot stay,
To heathen lands I'll fly away;
To souls in sin and darkest night
Who never had the Gospel's light.

The Spirit draws, I feel its power,
It fills my soul this very hour;
For them the Savior bled and died,
On Calvary was crucified.

Though hard to leave, and friends oppose,
My soul with Heavenly love o'erflows;
My native land, I'll bid farewell,
The 'Gospel Story' I must tell."

THE SECOND TOUR.

In beginning the account of the second tour around the world with the precious wife God has given me during my stay in the home land, I would acknowledge the special leading of the blessed Holy Ghost from the time I arrived in San Francisco, until the time of sailing from New York, January 26th, 1904.

The burden of the lost world increases from day to day, as more than one-half of this world was yet without a song or sermon, and so many missionaries on the field who had never received their Pentecost.

God placed His special seal on the work and the messages which He gave me in the different camp meetings and conventions that I had attended since my return from the other trip. While others were being called of God, I began to feel that He would let me go again, although knownig some of the realities on the field, and that the former trip almost cost my life; yet I was glad to say, "Here I am, send me." Oh, the teeming millions of precious souls who were fast passing into eternity without the Bread of Life. I spent many nights in tears

and prayer, and he told me I could go. His voice was so sweet to my soul, and I just kept this secret to myself, and shed tears of joy to think that He would let me go again to the fields that have been dead ripe for centuries; and yet so few have appeared to garner the sheaves of gold from the fields of sin.

After I had spoken on missions at a convention in Chicago, a person came from the second seat from the front and gave me five dollars; but as the offering was for Japan, I supposed this was to go there to, but they said, "No, the Lord told me to give you this, that you were going around the world again, and this was the earnest." No one knew it but God, and I could hardly wait for the time to slip off to my room and express my gratitude to Him. Soon the money was sent me in large and small amounts. The Holy Ghost told one man to give me five hundred dollars, and he did. These among other things were special seals to the words the Lord had spoken to me in my room while on my knees, a few weeks before.

The meetings kept getting better and better, and I shall never cease praising God for the secrets, sermons and souls that He gave me in the last few months. At the close of a

wonderful convention in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, after giving a missionary message, the altar was filled and a large offering laid on the platform. God was there in power, and to Him be all the glory.

Upon the day following, November 16th, 1903, I was married to Catherine Stephenson, at the home of her sister in Pittsburg. Aside from the Holy Ghost she is the most precious gift God has ever given me. A woman full of faith and the Holy Ghost and a like burden for the salvation of the lost world, and a clear call to visit the heathen field. I shall never cease praising God for the real helpmate He has given me.

LEAVING THE HOME LAND.

We continued in evangelistic work until we sailed. The farewell meeting in Mahaffey, Columbus, Philadelphia and other places, were times of great blessing; and we were so grateful to those who stood by us in those days.

George Williams of Philadelphia came to New York to wave us a last farewell. He presented us with a watch which began ticking as the steamer left the harbor, and has been ticking ever since. Engraved upon it were

these words, "Because He has set His love upon me, therefore will I deliver Him." During an attack of fever while in India, being too weak to read my Bible, I would look at those words, and the glory of God filled my soul, and my faith looked up to Him, and He healed my body. Bless His precious name forever.

Soon New York was out of sight, and we were so glad we were on our way and such a sweet assurance in our souls that we were in Divine order. We read some farewell letters, and looked at some tokens of love and remembrance from our friends. The trip was no longer something to look forward to and dream about, it was a reality, and we were out on the ocean with a deep settled peace in our souls.

We went to our stateroom and arranged things there, then came up stairs again. The steward arranged our places at the table, but we did not have much use for those places for several days. We took one good look at the table, that satisfied us for sometime, although it was loaded with all the good things one could wish, if on land, and a great deal more than one wants on a tossing ship.

We found ourselves surrounded with a number of so-called Christians, who were going out

as missionaries to the heathen. They played cards, read the latest novels and some drank, with the excuse that it would prevent sea-sickness, but we noticed they had their struggle at the end of the journey, while we had ours at the beginning. It brought the blush of shame to our faces as the officers and passengers would sneeringly refer to these, "drinking missionaries." They sat at a table by themselves, as there was quite a party of them; but praise the Lord, there was one young lady among them who refused to enter into their frivolity, and when we talked to her about being sanctified wholly, she gladly received the Holy Ghost and was made to rejoice. She said she had gone to a minister some months previous to her sailing and told him she knew she was clearly converted and asked him if there was not something that would satisfy her heart before going to a strange land, and he told he "No," that was where the warfare of the Christian life came in, and she must always battle against carnality. How glad we were to uncover the erroneous statements, and see her rejoice in the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." It made us doubly glad as she was on her way to carry the Gospel to the heathen. I had been speak-

ing plain on this line before, but my heart was stirred afresh, and I promised the Lord I would do all in my power to show people the importance of tarrying until they be endued with power from on high, before going into the mission field. Is it not sad that so many go to the mission field who have never received their Pentecost, and are ignorant of salvation? It was during these days and with these surroundings that the Lord spoke more plainly to me than ever that we were to go around the world, and return to the same land and give the message that He had laid on our hearts, and do all we could to keep others from going to the heathen who have not known the Christ. Up to this time, we did not know but what we would remain on the field indefinitely, but His voice was clear. It came with no uncertain sound. So we continued our journey, giving testimony by lip and life to our fellow passengers, that there is power in Jesus' blood to keep us clean. A society lady on board, who wore silks and diamonds, listened attentively with tears streaming down her face to the story of the cross. She said she had never heard before that the heart could be changed and satisfied, but she told how repulsive the empty things of the ball room and theater had be-

come, how glad she was to hear the simple story. When she would see Mrs. Stalker sitting alone, she would go to her and ask her if she had time to tell her more of this wonderful salvation. She had always been taught to worship the Lord afar off, but to receive Him into her heart was like beginning life over anew.

Before leaving the home land, we felt that the Lord made it plain to us that we should stop in Palestine. We felt that it might be too much of a luxury for us, but when the Holy Ghost spoke, that settled it.

On arriving in Port Said, the agent in the ticket office informed us that Jaffa was under quarantine, and had been for some time, and that we would have to go a roundabout way that would take a week longer to go and a week to return, and even then it was uncertain, as he would not assure us anything. As we only had a month for the entire trip, and the steamer we came in on would leave in an hour for India, we must decide quickly. So we went to the Lord in prayer, and He made it plain that we were to stop regardless of circumstances and seeming impossibilities. It is wonderful how he leads, sometimes in places we cannot see. We had our baggage taken

off the steamer, and she soon pulled out, leaving us with nothing in sight but the assurance in our hearts that God had spoke and He would fulfill, in what way we could not see. We went to the office to buy our tickets the long way around, and while there the word came, "The quarantine is lifted, book all passengers to Jaffa." We were the first to land there for months. Our hearts were assured, "The iron gates had opened of their own accord." Praise the Lord, He always has a way through for the one who will trust and not be afraid. "He leadeth me, oh blessed thought."

One must have a permit from the Turkish Government in order to enter this land. Everything is under lock and key.

Jaffa is said to be the roughest landing in the world. After a night's ride on the steamer we found our ship anchored about two miles out, and very boisterous waves between us and the shore. But soon the little boats began to arrive and draw up by the side of the steamer, and instead of putting the gang plank down, as was the custom, we were taken one at a time and tossed down into the little boat. It was not a very pleasant sensation at the time, but we felt better when we reached the little boat below. It took six strong men to row

us to the shore over those high waves. This was the place where Jonah tried to run away from the call of God.

While here we visited a mission, and the Lord greatly blessed. It is a wonderful work in which souls are being saved and sanctified. Just before we left, the children sang in English, "Go tell the world, go and tell them Jesus died for sinful men," and oh, it seemed to fire us anew, and we were glad to go on such a wonderful mission. They sang it so earnestly, and we believe from a heart of love, for those who are yet in the bondage of sin. And while they were but children, and it would be some time before they could return to their people with whom they mingled, we felt a solid foundation was being laid in their lives that would make them brave soldiers for the cross. The Lord bless Miss Parsons, who is working so faithfully among them.

We went from here to Jerusalem, and in going from one place to another in which our Savior walked, wept and prayed, our hearts were thrilled with delight to behold the scenes he saw, and walk where he walked, and see the people with whom he mingled, who, we are told, have changed but little since He was was there. It was all such an inspiration to our

lives and increased our faith and confidence in the Word of God.

On the first Sabbath we asked the Holy Ghost to lead us to a place of worship. We walked along the narrow street for some time, and just before we reached a mission a man on a donkey passed us. We did not think much about him, as he was a stranger to us, but after we reached the mission, we saw that he was the one in charge. He came and shook hands with us, and asked me to take the service. He said that the Lord had told him as he passed us, I was the one who had the message for the people that day. I knew that I felt a great longing in my heart to tell of the great salvation that had saved me from sin, but I did not know whether or not there was any place in Jerusalem that I might deliver this message. But as I stood before the audience, some missionaries and some residents of the city, the Lord began to speak to me about how faithful He would be to the heart that would be true to Him, and the victories he would give. He had verified this in my own life within the last few months, I could give it as a personal testimony. At the close of the service a number held up their hands for prayer, and some prayed through. A lady

who had been on the field but a short time said she felt a longing in her heart that some way she might be sanctified, and had been told many things by people, but nothing satisfied. She listened to the message that day, and the light flashed on her heart and she saw that it was between her own heart and God alone. She must look to God, not to people. She prayed so earnestly, with tears streaming down her face, and as she looked to Him, the Holy Ghost came into her heart, and in her own words she said, "It is settled, and He has come to abide forever, and I shall never cease to praise Him." That night I spoke to a large audience of natives through an interpreter. Although it was given at great disadvantage, it was mervelous how God convicted and spoke to souls. Glory! As we were going to our room, we praised God for His leading the first Sabbath in the Holy City. "I being in the way, the Lord led me."

This interpreter, whose name is Melkie, an Armenian, went with us to the different parts of the city. Our hearts were greatly touched on hearing him tell how in the late massacre his father and forty of his relatives were killed. He, with his wife and large family of small children, fled from Nineveh, thirty days' jour-

ney on donkeys, and came to Jerusalem. He gives a beautiful testimony to the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and says while their hearts were almost broken, yet they praised the Lord through it all. We visited their home and could feel the sweet presence of the Lord. He was doing mission work in this city, and we believe he is one of the Lord's anointed. As he went with us through the streets, he would speak to people behind the counter, or any place he would meet them, and the Spirit of God seemed to touch their hearts. We were inspired anew by his earnestness to help those about him to a higher and nobler life.

While here we visited a mission for the blind, and talked to them about receiving the Holy Ghost. One young girl confessed Christ, and when she returned home, they threatened to kill her and put her down a well if she would not renounce Him, but she said, "although they do all this I will be true to the One who has done so much for me." At this mission we became acquainted with Miss Mary Reed, who contracted leprosy during her noble work among the lepers of India, and the Lord so wondrously healed her. She was here for a little rest. We felt it a real blessing and privilege to meet such a saint of God.

By invitation from the Superintendent, we went to the Ramallah Mission to hold some meetings in the school. We received a warm welcome, and so much enjoyed the time spent with brother and sister Kelsey and Rosa Lee, who are in charge. This is a real oasis in the desert land. We found many receptive hearts, and souls were saved and filled with the Holy Ghost. The work was impressive for its solidity and spirituality. It has been established for a number of years, and has been fruitful in the salvation of many souls.

After going to a numberof other places and seeing precious souls pray through to God, we felt that our work in Palestine was done. And leaving the account for the Recording Angel himself to keep, we went on our way rejoicing to other fields of labor.

After reaching Port Said, while waiting for the steamer, we were walking up the street looking for a hotel, when we stopped to ask a young man who was standing in front of a shop to direct us to one, which he kindly did. But before we left him, as he afterwards told us, he felt he could open his heart to me, which he did. His story was that several months before he left the home land, he had been sanctified wholly. There was not a doubt about it.

The Lord gave him souls, and he had a wonderful time, but on reaching Egypt, the field to which God had called him, he found such opposition from some of the leaders to his preaching plain and telling people they could live perfect before God, there was such pressure brought to bear upon him, that he scarcely knew which way to turn. He was standing there thinking and praying about what he should do. He felt he must be true to God. He went with us to our hotel, and we had a blessed time in the presence of the Lord, and I exhorted him to go on and be true. I was afterward asked to preach in that same mission, and God helped me to uncover some things, and souls were saved and sanctified. Much of the oppositon was broken down, so when we left the port the young man was encouraged and rejoicing in the Lord, and said he would be true to Him unto the end.

We returned to the ship and had a very pleasant, but uneventful voyage. There were very few passengers on board, and it was a time of quiet and prayer, seeking special wisdom for our work in India, that we might accomplish the most for God and souls during our stay there. We felt that the Holy Ghost was revealing the sweet will of God and assuring our hearts that all would be well, and He

would be with us, no matter what we had to meet. We passed in sight of Sinai, and could also see the border of Africa at a great distance across the water. As we thought of the workers there, our hearts went up to God that He would keep them true until Jesus comes.

It was a glad morning when we arose and could see the glimmering lights of the heathen city of Bombay. We were met at the wharf by faithful Abraham, with a smile on his face, and a hearty welcome. The first thing he said was, "Praise the Lord, brother Stalker, I am glad you are back, I still have the Holy Ghost." The sun was burning hot. It seemed to defie God and man to cross the borders of India. The heat almost prostrated Mrs. Stalker before we could find a resting place. Tongue or pen cannot describe what is brought to bear upon one in those awful climates, where the devil is worshipped and Christ is not known. "Who is sufficient for these things?" "Our sufficiency is of God." We were met by a number of precious saints who had received the Holy Ghost on the former trip. How it made our hearts rejoice to hear them shout the victory and tell how wonderfully the Lord had kept them. Our dear brother Hughes and wife, who were so kind to me before, and who

at that time received the Holy Ghost, made us very welcome in their home, and we spent the day with them.

We went to Bulsar, got our mail, which made our hearts beat high with gratitude and praise, as we read from this one and that one, how they had thought of us and prayed for us—sometimes in their meetings and sometimes about their work they would bear us to the throne in the arms of faith, and felt that their prayers were heard and answered. Here we also met some true and tried friends.

After being there a few days, we went to Pandita Ramabai's work, at Kedagon. On our arrival, we were met at the train by a native of India who was neatly dressed and perched upon the front seat of an ox cart. He helped us in the back of the cart with our luggage, and away we went, and in a short time reached the mission. When our cart stopped in front of the door, one of the workers came out to meet us, and took us to a little nice cozy room, and we soon felt quite at home.

Ramabai is a high caste Hindoo woman, one of deep spirituality and knows the Lord as her Saviour and Sanctifier, who after becoming a Christian longed to tell her own country women in their own language the wonderful

story. It is marvelous how God has blessed her in the work she is doing for the "child widow," the fallen girls and any and all whom she can help. It is the largest mission work in India. She impresses us as being a true representative of Jesus Christ, strong in character and convictions, and yet with the humility and simplicity of a child and much faith and prayer.

As we went into the mission that morning we saw a large audience of about five hundred people sitting on the floor listening to the message of God from one of His missionaries. After she was through speaking, they all joined in singing, "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name." The tears roled down our faces, we wondered if the music of heaven could be any sweeter. Surely the angels were bending to listen, as this great crowd of people were marching out of heathen darkness and singing the songs of the Lamb.

Widowhood in India is regarded as a disgrace. It is supposed to be a punishment brought on because the woman committed sins in her former existence on earth, or while her husband lived she disobeyed the gods, and she was the cause of his death. If she is a young widow without children, she receives even

more of the abuse and hatred of the community in which she lives. She is only allowed one meal a day, she must never join any feast and jubilee, she is usually the one who does the hard work for the family, she must never wear the red paint on her forehead that the other women wear, and must have her beautiful black hair shaved, as well as give up all her pretty jewels, and she must never think of marrying again. Frequently she is turned on the street to beg for her living. Many times she is not over ten years of age, and sometimes not that old. So it is hard for her to understand why all these hardships are heaped suddenly upon her. The iron bands of caste are so rigid that no one would dare to marry or help her, else he would be ostracised. No one would eat with him or no one would be willing to marry his children, or bury him at his death, nor would he be allowed to worship in the public temples, because he had broken caste by showing favor to the widows. So even though some honest men may see the great wrong of inflicting such punishment on the widow, yet they are so in the minority, they are powerless to obey their convictions. It seems that it is almost impossible for help to come from within. Oh, that men and women from the home land

would dedicate their hearts and lives to God, and go forth full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and hold up the standard of the cross, until these stone walls of superstition are crumbled and buried forever.

Ramabai's daughter interpreted for us during the special meetings we held there, in which a large number stood for prayer, and wanted to be sanctified wholly. Our hearts were greatly touched as they prayed in tears, in an unknown tongue, that He would come into their hearts to abide forever.

One testimony out of the many that were given, was from a young man, who when he started in this Christian way, met with strong opposition from his parents, as the stand he had taken not only involved himself, but them also. As he was their only son, they would have to share in the punishment for his disobedience to the gods, and no doubt they would refuse to answer any of their prayers on this account. Previous to this, they had given the son some money, but he was not to use it if he took up that "new doctrine," but he became a Christian and used the money anyway, and during the meeting the Holy Ghost flashed the light upon his heart that he must go to his parents and make that wrong right. He strug-

BRAHAM PRIESTS IN INDIA.

gled and tried to get out of going, but found he must do it. It meant so much, but he went. They loved him and had been so proud of him, but were afraid to forgive the debt lest they should be severely punished by the gods. He promised to return it but they felt so disgraced they would have nothing more to do with him, but he found favor with the Lord. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Those who come out of heathen darkness meet with opposition that many of us know nothing about. They have been taught from infancy to have idols in different places about their home, bow down to those along the highway and in the temples, attend and take part in the heathen festivals, and observe many customs which seem trifling and even foolish to us, but sacred to them. These they must all denounce, and step out alone with their relatives all about opposing them, and live a life of faith in One, whom they cannot see, but can hear His voice, and know they have passed from death unto life. They cannot explain it to those about them, for, "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us that believe, it is the power of God."

We were glad to meet with the workers

alone and give the mesage the Holy Ghost had laid upon our hearts. We were loath to leave but felt the time had come to say good-bye. A young lady from the school was also leaving for America to enter a medical college, and after her training, return to her people.

We were not long in India until we learned to sit on the floor and eat with our fingers. I remember the first place we did this. The people all sat along either side of the room, and a cleanly dressed native girl in her bare feet passed along and helped each one to some rice and something of a gravy-like appearance. Then we mixed it with our fingers, and did our best at eating it. We were not experts, but took lessons from those who were accustomed to eating in that way. We were thankful when we got through, our feet were asleep and we had not disposed of much food. We are sure we had the sympathy of all in our undertaking. They looked as though they wished they could eat for us.

We want to call attention to the tender way in which our Father cares for His own, even though they may be ten thousand miles from home. We reached Poona early in the morning, and found we could not get a train out until 8 o'clock that night. The heat was intense

and considered dangerous. It was especially hot about a railroad station. We had inquired about the hotels, and felt they were entirely too expensive for us. So we prayed and asked the Lord to give us grace and strength to stay there, but He did far more than we had asked or thought. As we were sitting in the station, a native lady came in and told us that a Parsee lady, who heard of a couple of missionaries being at the station had sent her carriage to take us to her home. We gladly went, and found a most beautiful home, supplied with all the comforts of life. She was a highly educated, talented lady, could speak the English language, and best of all, she knew God as her personal Savior and Sanctifier. When the servant showed us to our room, our eyes fell on the scripture motto which hung on the wall, "The Lord careth for His own." We could not but weep and praise Him. Surely he was manifesting Himself again and again to His unworthy children.

We remained there several days, and visited some of the surrounding missions. This lady had a work for women and children. As I was not well, I was compelled to remain in my room, and spent the time in quiet and prayer. She and Mrs. Stalker visited a number of

places and talked and prayed with the women and children. It was here that Mrs. Stalker first came in touch with some of the customs and lives of Zenana women, who live in such seclusion and are practically prisoners. Miss Sarabija had never heard of us, nor we of her, until that morning, but she received us so kindly into her home, and insisted upon our remaining longer, and since we could not, she urged us to come again, which we thought we would do, but we found too many open doors to go to the same place more than once. "Surely the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong" in the behalf of His people, and He will deliver them. Amen.

The condition of the Zenana women is not only sad, but it is a great problem how to reach them, since they live so secluded, the intellect is so dwarfed, that a woman of twenty or thirty is more like a child, while all the worst passions of the human nature are developed and stimulated. Jealousy, envy and hate are uppermost in their nature, thus making it hard for them to grasp the story of the Gospel. It is hard for them to understand, yet they ask the missionary to come often, and they will learn as fast as they can. It is posibly the first time

they have ever had a kind word, or heard that any one cared for them. One woman said, "If I had heard and understood this before, I never would have been in this sad way." She was living day after day between four walls, and was seldom, if ever, seen on the street, or had the privilege as she called it to visit the sacred shrines or bow down before any other idols besides the ones in her own room. Often whole families, with possibly a brother-in-law, or some other relative with his family, will all live in one room. They can come and go as they please, but the wives must stay inside, and if they ever go on the street, it is with a veil over their face. One of the questions which confronts the missionary more than any other is, "If the Gospel is so important, why did you not come to us with it before?"

The Holy Ghost so wonderfully opened the way for us to go to a hill station. As it was getting very warm, we felt the need of a change, and we hoped to have meetings with the missionaries and soldiers as the Lord opened the way. The heat is so intense upon the plains during the summer months that the missionaries are unable to do much, so they go to the hills for a little rest and change. It is

not a luxury, but it better prepares them for the work which is before them.

At one of the meetings there an English army officer kneeled at the altar and received the Holy Ghost. After which he told us how he was led to Christ. He was sent from India to China during the Boxer trouble, being sent with others to the relief of those in such peril at Peking. On arrival they could hear the shouts of those shut up in prison behind stone walls, but they were hard to locate. The order came to tear down walls and reach them at any cost. This they did, and when they found them some had become so weak during their long wait for relief they could not walk, and yet they had such shining faces and spoke of the sweet peace in their souls which passeth all understanding. Some were carried out and laid on the street and soon passed into eternity with a shout of victory and an expression of joy at being in the sweet will of God. This touching scene the soldier witnessed. It melted his heart and on his return march he said, "If people can shout under such circumstances, and in the face of death, there must be something in Christianity." So he gave his heart to God and became a follower of the same Christ. His comrades said there was an entire change

in his life, and they had great confidence in him. He gave up smoking and drinking and all other bad habits. It was blessed to see how eagerly he sought the Holy Ghost. It was a wonderful work of grace, and one we believe will stand until Jesus comes.

I remember a young native who sat pretty well back in the congregation. She was neat and clean and modest in appearance. After the message I told my interpreter to ask her if she wanted what I was talking about. She said she had never heard anything about the Holy Ghost before, but her heart had been longing for something that would deliver her from the things that seemed to confuse her so easily. She looked up in faith and the simplicity of a child and bade Him come in. If the missionary in whose mission this young lady had been converted had received her Pentecost, this sad testimony would not have been given. "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost."

After a few weeks of blessed service here, we felt led to go to another field. Some felt it was a dangerous time to travel on the plains, but our confidence was in Him who sent us forth, so bidding our friends good-by, we left the pure air of the mountains and started in a

"tonga" for the railroad station, seventeen miles down the mountain. The curtains of the "tonga" were fastened down and the door closed so as to keep the heat out. It was like dropping down into an oven.

On our way we saw one of those hideous looking people known in India as "a holy man." A more degraded, lustful and filthy person cannot be found. His face and body was painted with different colored paint, his head was shaven, and he wore very little clothing. Yet millions are left in India to worship these characters and pay for the privilege of bowing down before them. Should not this condition of affairs bring awful conviction upon people in Christian lands who resist the Holy Ghost and do not believe in Bible holiness, when there is a desire in the heathen heart to respect this doctrine? As we looked at this man our hearts sank within us. This is the best representative of holiness one-half this world has today, and it is more than eighteen centuries since Jesus said to His church, "Go ye." It is an evident fact that we have not carried out the commission and that accounts for the sad condition of the many millions under the heathen yoke.

As we journeyed over the desert and through

THE HOLY MAN.

the jungle we could see on every side the sad sights connected with heathen worship—the stone gods, the many heathen temples, the weary pilgrims and all kinds of degradation. How long, oh, how long, will they have to wait to hear of the true God?

After leaving the "tonga" at Abu Road, we spent two days and nights on the train. It was very hot and sultry, but the Lord gave grace and glory. The train stopped at the station at the foot of the mountain. I saw an intoxicated native, the first one I had seen on this trip. A heavy storm was coming up and his friends were trying to pull him in out of the rain, but he would not go. There he lay in the rain, while the lightning was flashing and the thunder rolled. It was a sad picture. Whisky had gotten in ahead and was doing its damning work.

We were very glad when we could leave the train with its noise and dust, and on horseback we began to ascend the mountain. Our baggage was carried by natives, sometimes on their heads and sometimes on their backs. They carry these heavy loads over the mountains for about eight or ten cents a day. In one place young girls about fifteen years old carried our trunks on their heads to the station.

When Mrs. Stalker objected to the men allowing such a thing, they said, "The women are used to it and they are not very heavy." We journeyed slowly on, winding round hills, going over dangerous and narrow places, where if the horse had made a misstep, we would have fallen hundreds of feet. Sometimes we would have to get off and pull ourselves up some steep place by the roots of a tree, while the kind native would help us until we reached a landing place, then he would go back and lead the horse. We traveled from ten to twenty miles a day. This was all new to Mrs. Stalker, as she had never ridden horseback before.

One day we stopped at a government bungalow to get something to eat. We were very tired and worn. The cook brought in a very nice looking dinner, but the "curry," which is the principal dish in India, had stale chicken in it and it poisoned Mrs. Salker. One is easily affected by the foreign food. She soon began to feel very ill. It was not a suitable place to stay all night, and they had no bread, so all we could do was to hasten on to the next bungalow, which was ten miles farther on. We felt it was running a risk, but we mounted our horses and hastened on. She grew worse and

worse until she could scarcely sit in the saddle. I rode in front and Abraham behind, praying all the time. We plodded on as best we could, and at last reached the village. We carried her into the bungalow and she lay on a cot suffering intensely until about three o'clock the next morning. Soon after we reached there a heavy storm came up. There we were with no one to help but God, but He was faithful and verified His promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, and He instantly healed her." Glory to God! What a wonderful Savior we have! One who can heal the body as well as the soul. I shall always praise Him for this sweet answer to prayer. Bless His name.

After spending a few days here praying with some souls, I received word that my father had passed away. I thought of dear ones at home and how I would like to have been with him in his last hours, but there was not a regret in my soul that I had left all to follow Jesus.

Soon after this I was taken with a fever. It seemed like a heavy load had settled down upon me, and a fire was shut up in my bones. I became weaker and weaker, and it seemed that I could not stand it long. Our interpreter had gone to hold some meetings in another place. We felt that we could not keep him

back, so we were there alone, with only the natives about us. Mrs. Stalker succeeded in getting what I needed to eat, which was only a little broth, but she needed more than this. She could only make motions and use a few words she had gathered. She prayed and wept and held onto God. I was so weak I could scarcely pray. I had begun to think that an open grave was before me with only a few natives to cover it, and to be missed by one who loved, it would mean so much for her to be left in that lonely place. I went over carefully every step taken since we left New York, and there was not a place where I would have asked a change, either in triumph or test. The voice of the Lord had been so sweet and clear. I was taking less interest in things about me and felt that I was burning up. I would try to arouse myself when I felt Mrs. Stalker's hand on my head, but even then she seemed far away. I would try to talk, but it was with great effort. In my weakness I asked Him to give her strength for what was before her. She kept on praying and believing that God would deliver. She asked Him to lay the burden of our condition upon some one's heart at home who knew how to pray, and He did. On comparing the date with dear Brother

CROSSING THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

Reese's letter we found he was prompted by the Holy Ghost to pray for us in great earnestness at that time, as he felt that we were going through a test, but he did not know what it was. That night I awoke and found that the fever had broken and I was perspiring freely. I felt new life in my veins and I was ready to go forth in His strength. Oh, magnify the Lord with me. He healed me. Glory!

A few days after I was healed I was in the saddle again, Mrs. Stalker going in a "dandy," which is a box-shaped affair carried by four men, on our way to another place where we found hungry souls. An English lady whose husband was an officer in the army came to us as soon as she found that we were missionaries, and began to inquire the way of salvation. She was educated and well informed upon the news of the day, but as she said, ignorant of the things of God. She did not know that one could have experimental knowledge of Him, and her heart was hungry. She longed to know Him, and one evening she came to our rooms and gave her heart to Jesus. May the Lord keep all these who have committed their way to Him. We go on, but He remains with the faithful ones.

One morning we were asked to go to a native

school and speak to the students. On arrival we found about a hundred boys seated on the floor waiting for "sahib" and "mein sahib" to speak to them. It was the first time they had ever heard the Gospel. They asked Abraham to take their pictures and have the "mein sahib" to sit with them, which she did.

One day we saw a poor old man with his cane in his hand, plodding along the way. He had been to a sacred shrine to worship and looked so sad and discouraged. We spoke to him and he told us where he had been to worship, and he said that he had hoped his heart would be satisfied, but it was not. We told him of Jesus, and after he had started down a little path we could hear him say, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus." He wanted to remember His name so he could tell His people about Him, and what the man said He could do for them when he got home. As we watched the weary pilgrims by the hundreds going to the sacred places, with scant food and very little clothing, only to return with heavy hearts, and to sink deeper in despair, our hearts cry out, "Lord, send forth laborers into the great harvest field," and we believe He is trying to speak to many people through providences and things He permits to come into their lives,

about the neglected heathen, and of their privilege to lead them unto Him, and yet they are so taken up with other things they do not listen or heed. A high caste lady who is doing a noble work for her own people in India, who had been in America and visited in many of our homes, said to us one day, "I am quite confident that if some of the American ladies who are whiling away their time with the emptiness of society and entertaining and being entertained, knew the real joy of spending even one day among our women, and leading them to the cross, and helping to lift their awful burdens, they would never be content to remain at home."

After the heat was over and we finished our work in the mountain, we had several days of prayer and waiting before God. On our way across the plain we stopped at a place called Barnease, and visited what is known as the "monkey temple." Here hundreds of them are kept and well fed. Sometimes people will feed them nuts or fruit from their hands, and they will snatch it and run up the side of the building to a little platform made across one side of the building to the other. Here they will sit and eat what has been given them. Sometimes they play tricks on each other, which might

seem comical, but when you see men and women bow down and worship them, it makes one feel sad and heavy hearted, and you want to slip away and cry to God to equip and call forth more laborers into this great harvest field. Sometimes they will select a certain one, and they think their heart needs will be better understood by always going to that one. We shall never forget the great crowd of men and women who stood about that temple with such dejected and forsaken expressions on their faces.

It is not an uncommon sight to see strong men worshiping the ant or snake, or whatever they have been taught would answer their prayers. One day while traveling over the plains we saw a man worshiping the sun. He was kneeling by the roadside with his eyes closed and his face turned toward the sun. It was burning hot, but he was doing it regardless of the suffering it caused, in order that his sins might be forgiven. Does this not touch our hearts? We long for it to be changed, but the Bible says, "How then shall they call upon Him of whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a teacher?" Surely the Lord meant

A FIMILIAR SCENE IN INDIA.

for those who have already received the light to take it to those who are in such awful darkness.

After being out on this long but victorious trip, it was such a blessing and benediction to our hearts to reach the Now Gong mission. We reached there about three o'clock in the morning, having ridden from the railroad station, a distance of seventeen miles, in a rough wagon without any springs. It was like reaching home. We found some of the missionaries up waiting for us, and how we thanked the Lord for preserving their lives and ours since we last met. The next morning as we all gathered around the family altar, our hearts were melted with gratitude and praise to Him who had led us and brought us thus far on our journey. We felt His sweet presence in our midst. Glory! We shall never forget those days. His richest blessings continually rest upon those precious workers. We were impressed with their deep spirituality and their great desire to obey the Holy Ghost. We never appreciated the communion of saints any more than during those days. God bless them a thousandfold. We had several meetings here which the Lord greatly blessed. Mrs. Stalker and some of the ladies visited the Zenana

homes and prayed and sang with those women who are in such isolation. She also went with the nurse to visit the sick in different parts of the village. A great many who knew the nurse would follow them and beg them to come to their huts and sing and talk with them.

A touching story is told of the daughter of Arthur T. Pierson, who came to India and was the means of salvation of many souls, among others was a high caste Hindoo. Her health failed and she came to Now Gong to rest, and she became seriously ill. She grew worse and worse and soon died, and she was laid quietly away in the little cemetery near the mission. This Hindoo heard of her death and felt that he must live where he could visit the grave of the one who led him to Christ. He was told that if he came to live there they were afraid his wealth would hinder his work among the poor people, but he told them that if they would only let him come he would be willing to live in a sod house and eat rice as the others did in order to be near the grave. So he went and for some time visited her grave daily, and thanked the Lord because she was the means of letting the Gospel light into his poor, benighted soul and turning him to God. But it was not long until a deadly disease which is so common in

India took hold of him, and when they told him he could not live, he would soon see Jesus and the missionary, he was glad to go and the Lord took him home, and his body was laid by the side of that of the missionary. As a result of her life, a memorial church is being erected there and hundreds and thousands will hear the Gospel. Thank God.

We had such a blessed time there with all its precious associations. We felt we would like to stay longer, but the time came to go on, and we left early in the morning in a hard rain, but with glory in our souls.

We held several meetings in Bombay in different parts of the city, and souls were saved and sanctified. To God be all the glory. One Sabbath morning I preached to a large English-speaking audience in the Methodist Church on Acts 17-23, "I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the unknown God.'" The Holy Ghost sent conviction to the people and many realized they had the form of godliness, but did not have the power. A young man who was an officer on a ship came to my room and settled with God and took new strides in faith. Also a man who once knew the Lord, and who had charge of a mission, but had lost out in his soul, prayed and wept bitterly over

his disobedience and came back to God. How glad we were to see those who had received the Holy Ghost on our former trip going on with Him, hear their prayers and songs and see the great change God has wrought in their lives.

We were glad to see dear brother and sister Grey and hear them tell of the victories God had given in the severe tests and trials through which they had passed. They surely are the Lord's chosen ones, and may He lay it on the hearts of those in the home land to stand by them in faith and prayer that many, yea, thousands, may be gathered into the fold through their faithful ministry on the field.

When the day came for us to sail a number of friends stood on the wharf and waved us good-by. Our prayers went up to God that He would keep them true. Brother Hughes took our ship out into the deep, which we felt was a sweet benediction to our going. After he had taken the ship out from the dock and climbed down its side to a small boat to return, he took up the speaking horn and shouted across the waters as long as we could hear "494," which means among the sailors "God be with you." This was the last familiar voice we heard from India's shores.

The sea was troubled as it was monsoon season, but there was a deep calm within our hearts. There were quite a number of passengers on board and we found some real hungry hearts, but many of them had no time for God; they were too busy with the pleasures of the world and seeing after their wealth. We felt a sense of security in learning from our Captain's lips that he was a Christian.

After being out about a week we encountered a typhoon in the China sea, which resembles a cyclone on land. The storm got heavier and heavier, and the waves so boisterous that it seemed they would tear the ship to pieces. She was large and heavy, but on that raging sea she was tossed like a cork. We could hear her creaking and the skylights being crushed, and the dismal sound of the foghorn sounded every few minutes, as if calling for help. Great iron doors were torn from their hinges and carried out to sea as though they were shingles. The days and nights had been dark, with no sun or stars by which the Captain could get his bearings, so were not surprised to find we were lost at sea. The drink saloon and the card table were deserted. The few Catholics who were on board were counting their beads. One lady said she had never counted hers so

many times in her life as in those few days. The other passengers sat around in one little room with the look of fear and distress written upon their faces, listening eagerly for some encouraging word from the officers, but none came. Some were praying. The stewardess came to the head of the stairs and said, "Mr. Stalker, do pray for us." I told her that I had been doing that, and was now expecting my answer, for I felt the assurance in my soul that "there should be no loss of life." Not long before the storm we had been talking to the passengers about being ready to meet God, and they thought there was plenty of time and others things were more important, but now the scene had changed, and they wanted some one to pray for them. Oh, what will it mean at that great Day, to the proud and stubborn hearts who have rejected God, "When the sun shall be darkened and the moon shall not give her light and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken?" It continued to get darker and darker. A large wave came with great force from either side and dropped with a heavy crash on the ship. It seemed she would be crushed. For a few seconds we were entirely under water. We could see it from the win-

dows of either side at the same time. The Captain felt that she could not stand many more such blows. He had been watching everything closely, had not been in bed for over forty hours. We were told that those immense waves were usually followed by another of the same kind. But praise the Lord, He was on the throne and instead of another crash like that He sent the sun. Bless His name forever. The Captain soon got his bearings and found we were sixty miles from where he though we were and near some rocks on which the ship would have been dashed to pieces had not the hand of our Loving Father interfered. Let me say that there was never a sweeter peace and rest in my soul than when the storm was at its worst. The papers in Hong Kong had announced that day that our ship had gone down with all her crew, but blessed be God, He is faithful and His eye is watching tenderly over His own. Glory! But there was not a harbor in all the trip that we appreciated so much as that one. Let us take courage and press on with a new zeal. The Port is just ahead and the rougher and more stormy the voyage the more will we appreciate it when safe in the Harbor, and it will only increase our joy when

we walk up the golden streets and sing the songs of the redeemed.

At the end of three weeks we were glad to reach Shanghai, where Wilbus Estes met us. He did our interpreting on our former trip and we were glad to have him again. We spent some days there with missionaries, then took the boat and went to Nanking, where we found some precious saints. The Lord graciously blessed the meeting in the different missions.

The way opened for us to go to a city about twenty miles away. We took a launch and went up the river, arriving at our destination about dark. We went by village after village where there seemed to be swarms of people, and we were told there was not a mission, not even a missionary there. Oh, the noise and din of those heathen villages. We were awakened at all hours of the night by their shouts and cries while in attendance upon their heathen festivals or celebrations. Once they were dedicating a boat to the gods and made so much noise that we wondered if the Boxers had returned.

Miss Holme, whom God is so wonderfully blessing, is apparently buried to the world, but souls all around her are learning of Him who shed His precious blood that they might be

MISS HOLMES AND SOME BIBLE WOMEN.

saved. She and Mrs. Stalker were carried by two men in separate "sedan chairs" to a village where a greater portion of the people in the meeting had never heard the Gospel. They went to several places and into homes and were served tea in a most hospitable manner. They went to the home of an old lady who was living entirely alone, and after long considering the matter, she decided to throw away her idols and give up her heathen customs. She hesitated so long because she was afraid the gods would cause fire to rain down upon her from Heaven if she renounced them. She finally consented to give them up, and was converted to the true God. Upon a certain festival day when great crowds were marching through the city, with inscriptions upon their banners to the different "idols," she, without anyone suggesting it, had mottoes hung all about her little hut, such as "Jesus saves," "He is coming again." She was ill when they were there and has, no doubt, by this time swept into glory to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

We had two or three meetings every day while in Lu Hoh. Usually in the evening the young people came in to inquire more about the way, some to request prayer for loved ones, others to be prayed with themselves. Oh, how

blessed to see the workings of the Holy Ghost and hear the songs and prayers of those who have come out of heathen darkness.

A blind man, a Chinese, came in one day to tell us of the dream he had about the Lord's coming. He got real happy as he described what he saw in his dream. He really believed he would see Him soon. He seemed to see more than a great many who have good eyes, but yet refuse to believe.

Our hearts were touched to hear the testimonies of some who were the only ones left out of a large family after the Boxers had destroyed the lives of their loved ones. One afternoon I was reading my Bible and praying when a lady missionary came into the parlor. She had been on the field four years, in obedience to the call of God, but said she had never been satisfied in her heart and was tempted to get discouraged. Her life was one of possibility, but she had never heard anything on holiness excepting along the line of "suppression." When I asked her if she did not want to receive the Holy Ghost, she gladly received Him. Oh, how happy she was. She said her whole life was changed and she had a desire to work for Him as never before.

One day when coming out of the dispensary

LEAVING LU HOH.

with the nurse, a missionary, a man came up carrying his two-year-old baby over his shoulder. He was bringing it to the place where he knew many others came for treatment. It was in the last stages of pneumonia and was then dying. The nurse told him to take it home and be very kind to it, but she had nothing to give him that would help it now. She was afraid to tell him of its real condition for fear he would lay it outside in the sun and leave it alone to die, as they have a superstition in China that if one dies in the house the spirit will remain in the room and never reach Heaven.

It is customary when a man dies in China to make paper houses, chairs or horses and burn them, thinking that the soul can thus use and enjoy them in the hereafter. God placed in the hearts of all men a desire to worship. This is being carried out from those who worship God in the beauty of holiness to those who worship the most degraded objects of earth.

When the morning came for us to leave Lu Hoh a number gathered on the banks to say good-by, and the two faithful missionaries stood in the center of the crowd as we were leaving. We shall never forget the picture as our little boat pushed out from the shore. How we thank God for such lives. They count it a

privilege and not a sacrifice to live in the midst of those who have never heard of the Christ and lead them to Him. We stopped at a village where the Friends had just opened a new mission. A native man and his wife who know God were in charge. They had some of the promises hanging on the wall and we believe it will be a real soul-saving station.

We had intended to go to northern China and part of the arrangements were made, but owing to an uprising similar to the Boxer trouble we were advised by the authorities not to go, as strangers were apt to cause more question and dissatisfaction. So we returned to Shanghai and it was wonderful how the way opened for work in special services for missionaries. A number received the Holy Ghost; some who had just arrived on the field and some who came from the interior. It was a time that the power and presence of God was felt in a marvelous way.

We met a beautiful young lady here who had a clear call and felt the burden of the lost heavy upon her heart, and her prayer and heart's desire was that souls should receive the Holy Ghost. She spoke so much about Him, and truly the light of Heaven shone on her face. She said to us one day that she could not

understand why there were so many doors open for work and He did not liberate her to enter any of them. It looked as though her work was almost done in China, but surely the Lord did not mean for her to return to the home land. After leaving there we had several beautiful letters from her, then a long lapse without any. And one day we had a short letter from another friend telling us that Miss Page had been smitten with smallpox and had slipped away to Heaven to be with Jesus, but the fragrance and fruitage of such a holy life will live on forever.

We had a meeting with the soldiers and also with the Chinese of different missions, and God gave souls. We will not go into details about the many different ones who were saved and sanctified, but they are all recorded on the Lamb's Book of Life. Praise the Lord!

Shanghai is a city of interest and has many modern improvements. There are thousands of the English-speaking people there, and is a ripe field for the scattering of holiness.

Mrs. Stalker and one of the ladies visited a rescue home for Chinese girls where two young women from New York were in charge. The home had just been opened for a short time and there were forty girls in it, some were but

children who had been sold or kidnaped, and the matron said they had not had a case in which they had shown the least desire to return to sin. They sewed and did other work and in this way earned enough to supply themselves with food and clothing. It touched our hearts to see girls who were but mere children carried on the shoulder of men through the streets as a living advertisement of the popular houses of sin in that city. These are sights so familiar that it is only the few who think with interest or pity of the misery and shame which form the dark background of the lives of these precious girls. One of the rules of the rescue home was that when the girls came to it they could not go on the streets for a year, lest their owners should see them and trap them back into their old haunts. But there was not a murmur. They were glad to have the privilege of living a pure life. Some of them were beautifully saved. All glory to our God!

An interesting account is told of a little girl but ten years old who knew very little of the comforts of life. At times the family had scarcely enough to eat, and as a girl is not of much value only for the money she may bring, the parents decided to sell her to the owner of a house of ill-fame, where men of all classes

come to drag her and other souls down to hell. She could not understand why she had to stay in such a place, and her little heart almost broke, but there she was inside the wall and apparently no way of escape.

Surely God in Heaven looked down in pity on her, even though she had never heard a word about Him, yet He knew and loved and cared. After she had been in this place about a year one day she saw a missionary who spoke kindly to her, something she had scarcely known before. The missionary offered her a home. She tried to imagine what that would be like, but it seemed too much like a dream to her to be true, but she gladly accepted the invitation and clung to her, lest those wicked people would snatch her back. When her owner discovered that she had gone to this rescue home, he was angry and tried to coax and persuade her to return.

Shortly after she entered the home she gave her young heart to Jesus, but her little body was seriously diseased through sin and ill treatment. One day she looked up into the missionary's face and said, "When I go to Heaven I am afraid it will seem strange, for I do not know any one there but Jesus, but I'll be sure to know Him." The missionary explained

how she did not know any one but her when she first came, but she soon got acquainted. "Oh, yes," she said, and her little face lighted up, "I know Jesus and when I get to Heaven I'll go straight to Him and will soon feel at home."

How true were her words, for it seemed that her little body faded like a leaf and in a few days from that time her little soul took its flight to be forever with Jesus whom she knew and loved.

Feeling that our work for the present in China was done, we bade the dear friends good-by and set sail for Japan. We highly appreciated the valuable service of Wilbur Estes as our interpreter and friend. May God bless him a thousandfold. Our hearts go out in prayer for the millions of souls that have never heard the Gospel, and may all who are called to that land cherish the cause as a sacred trust, until they find themselves in the center of heathen China working and weeping for the lost. When we reached Yokohama we found that the harbor was laid with mines, so the ship was taken in with the greatest care by a special pilot, lest one of these mines be disturbed and the result be disastrous. When we finally anchored in the bay we were surprised to hear

"Glory!" shouted from a little boar below, and looking down we saw dear brother Kilbourne and brother Nakada. How glad we were to see them! They took us directly to Tokio, and what a warm reception they gave us into their home. We shall never forget it. We were so happy and overjoyed that evening we could scarcely eat our supper. The glory of the Lord came down our souls to greet. What will it mean when the battles are all fought and we shall meet at Jesus' feet in joy to part no more?

That was a time of special interest in Japan. The country was enshrouded in war. Train loads of strong men going to the front to give their lives for their country, while other trains were carrying back the wounded and dying. Missionaries were busy visiting the hospitals and homes to point the lost, and in many cases dying ones, to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." What an awful background there is to war—sick and wounded and dying, sad homes and broken hearts. It pained our hearts to see this sad sight. May God hasten the time when nations will know war no more, and the Prince of Peace will reign. How long! How long!

Accompanied by some missionaries we went to see the Emperor review his troops on his

birthday. How quickly they obeyed every order. Our minds were taken from this to the time when the Great Emperor, the King of Kings, will return to review the troops of every nation and tongue who have been faithful in every battle and conflict, and will reward them for their gallant service by admitting them to the joys of Heaven, "Even so, come quickly Lord Jesus."

A Holiness Convention for Japanese and any one who wished to come was announced to begin that day. The house was full. It seemed like getting back home again to be among those chosen ones. Many whom we met on the former trip came up with their faces just beaming with victory, to shake hands and welcome us. Dear Brother Sasao San, my faithful interpreter, was ready to stand by me again, and help push the battle. He is a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The altar was filled with men and women weeping and praying their way through to God. The heart language is the same in all lands. Were it not for the difference in tongue, we would not know but that we were in a convention in America. One noticeable thing was an offering taken the last day. Nakada San announced that it would be given to me for the

"evangelism of the world." They hastened from all over the house, and laid it on the table. They gave joyfully with shouts of victory from their hearts. This made a deep impression upon us, that a large audience like this, saved from heathen darkness, should hold a holiness convention and have an interest in the lost world. I have received many offerings, but my heart was touched by this one beyond expression.

We went to a mission station some miles up in the country, where the man in charge was saved from a life of sin and dissipation. He wandered into a mission on a dark street in Chicago one night, and the Lord saved him, and afterwards sanctified him wholly, and gave him a clear call to Japan, and after minding the Lord for some years in this country, he went to Japan, and the Lord was marvelously blessing his work there. The Lord is going down into the slums and the dark places of sin, and raising up a people who will be true to Him, and since they so clearly see their own unworthiness, the Lord receives all the glory for the work they do for Him.

In answer to calls from the different missions, we went to a number of towns and held meetings which were blest of God in the sal-

vation of souls. We were impressed with the fact that so many people were longing to receive the Holy Ghost, both among the Japanese and Europeans.

We could see from so many different places "Fuji Mountain." It is beautiful with its snow capped top. Formerly fire came out of this mountain, but today it is water, which gushes forth and immediately becomes a wide river. At the foot there is also a natural spring in which the weary pilgrim bathes in order to purify himself before ascending the mountain. They come from two to three hundred miles to climb it, as they are supposed to receive great virtue from the gods, if they do. They live on very scanty food, stopping on the way up at different temples to worship. Sometimes there will be fifteen and twenty people in a party, usually old people. Oh, how they need to know the only true God, and He will satisfy every longing of their souls. Ah, every soul longs for Him, even though they do not understand their own hearts, yet there is a reaching out after God.

It was laid on our hearts to go to a work on the Sea Coast, where the Glenn Sisters are toiling and weeping for souls. It is an isolated place, but God is with them. At the first

FUJI MOUNTAIN, WHICH IS WORSHIPED IN JAPAN.

meeting, the church was full and the whole place was turned into an altar of prayer. Such weeping and praying to God. A Bible woman prayed very earnestly, but it seemed that she had a hard struggle to give up and surrender to the Holy Ghost. A few weeks later, however, she came into a meeting we were holding some distance from there, and fell at the altar, and surrendered all. She soon sprang up with her face just beaming with light, and said, "I have the blessing," and started home to tell her people. We did not see her afterwards, but the missionaries write us that she has become a real soul winner. If one-tenth of the people in the home land, who raise their hands and sing, "I'll go," would put it into practice, hundreds and thousands of people would hear the Gospel who have never heard. **It is** a possibility, God help us to make it a reality.

We were entertained in the home of the man who keeps the lighthouse, which stands on the first point of land that can be seen, coming from the home land to Japan. He is a Christian, and enjoys the study of the Bible. We noticed many blue pencil marks under special promises, which he says have been a great blessing to him. It is his orders to light the lights every night, whether there are any

ships coming that way or not. No matter what the circumstances are, he is to let it shine. What a beautiful lesson it is to the Christian on obedience.

Our hearts are burdened while we write, as a picture of the teeming millions who have never heard of Christ are constantly before us. While we may think of them as just gathering on special feast days and worshiping their heathen idols, yet is it not sad that such a march from the lost world is going on continually? Strong charactered men and women, who might have been real monuments of faith and lifted many souls from despair, are hopelessly marching into eternity without God. Oh, may the Lord arouse us, not only to our duty to these, but to our privileges in helping to bring them to Him. Every breath we draw, some one is passing into eternity without the true Comforter. Can we afford to fold our arms and wait until a "more convenient season?" Can we persuade the Lord that we mean it, when we sit in comfortable pews and sing, "More Love to Thee, Oh, Christ," and not do our very best to send or take the blessed old story to these. When He said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." ....."Go ye into all

MULTITUDES AT A HEATHEN FESTIVAL IN JAPAN.

SOME JAPANESE CHRISTIANS AND MISSIONARIES.

the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

At the little town of Meto we visited the home of some missionaries who have been on the field for years. We could not understand where so many people came from. They were knocking on their door at all hours, and when service time would come, they would come in great numbers. Over a hundred children would sit on the floor of one small room and pay the strictest attention to the Sunday school lesson which was being given, by Mrs. Binford, and we believe many of the children have given their hearts to God. Surely the Lord is blessing the labors of the true and tried missionaries.

After finishing the work the Lord had for us in the interior, visiting missions regardless of denomination, we returned to Tokio, and held several meetings. Our interest and faith were increased as we reviewed the work and came in contact with the faithful and sacrificing missionaries. We realize it means much to be true in that land of superstition and heathen worship, but God is able, and He has some of the very choicest of earth stationed as lights in that dark land.

In Tokio we spent some time in the home

of "Cowman and Kilbourne," who have a blessed work under God. We were privileged to be present at the opening of the new Bible school, where young men and women are taught the way more perfectly. Jesus is lifted up and the Holy Ghost has right of way. Praise the Lord for such a place in a dark heathen land, when there are so many institutions of learning all over the world, where they have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. Here they are taught to "Seek first the kingdom of God" that they may go forth and lead precious souls to Him. Every night in the year their missions in different parts of the city are open, and as their victorious songs ring out on the air from the mission or the meetings held on the street corners, great crowds gather and listen attentively to the "Old, old story," yet new to many of their darkened hearts, and many of them hear and are glad, because they repent of their sins, and Jesus gives them that peace that passeth all understanding, which their hearts have longed for so long. We felt it a great privilege to speak to these people and give the message which the Holy Ghost laid on our hearts, and many received Him. To God be all the glory!

In visiting the temples, we saw things that

A HOLINESS BIBLE SCHOOL IN TOKIO.

WEARY PILGRIMS IN SEARCH OF PEACE.

brought tears to our eyes. Men and women who were suffering, in prayer before gods of stone, older people teaching the children to clasp their little hands before some hideous looking idols, strong men putting an offering in the box and ringing a bell to wake up the gods, and heart crushed mothers and wives kneeling down and worshiping the souls of their loved ones, who have given their lives in the front of the battle. Oh, could they only know the true Comforter who would lift every burden, and satisfy their aching hearts.

The weary pilgrim seeking peace can be frequently seen in Japan traveling from one temple to the other, such as is shown in the picture. They come for miles and miles. They are dressed in a white "Kimono" with beads about their neck by which they pray. They carry a little bell to awaken the gods, and at each temple they visit, the priest puts a stamp on their clothing or the top of the umbrella. This is supposed to give them great virtue with the "gods." Sometimes they will travel all summer hoping as they press on toward the next temple they will find something that will satisfy their hearts. It was sixty years of such a weary search as this, that the old couple of whom Mrs. Cowman writes, found

the true God. It was our privilege to see and talk with him but a few moments previous to our visit his wife died a most victorious death and left a clear testimony that she had gone to be with Jesus. We quote the story of their life from Mrs. Cowman's pen. "For years they had searched the various religions seeking peace, yet finding none. Many different temples were visited, and prayers made to many different gods, with the hope of finding rest for their weary hearts. The story of their sad failure would make the hardest heart ache. Finding no hope and no light, they had made up their minds just to die and search no longer. One day nearly three years ago, a little band with flying banners and sounding drums passed by their home. Some one called out, "A Jesus meeting will be held tonight at Jimbo-cho. Come and hear about the true god, and how to find salvation."

Like music floating across the waters, came the message to the dear old grandma as she sat in her little home, "Come and hear about the true God."

Hardly waiting for the evening hour to come, she was on hand before the service began. The snow white locks, the bent form, the hungry, despairing look, touched our very

souls. As she hobbled slowly away she said to us, "Tonight is the first time I have heard. I want to hear more."

Every night when the mission door swung open, this soul was there waiting to enter.

Two weeks went by and she came one night with a glad new light in her face, a shine not belonging to this earth, as she told us, "I have met Him. I have found Jesus."

Then the next night her dear old companion came with her. How he listened, how he hung upon every word the preacher said! Too long had he been deceived by first this god, and that, to seek a new one without knowing for sure. His heart had ached too long over his dismal failure. Upon the wall hung the motto in large letters, "Come Unto Me All Ye That Labor and Are Heavy Laden, and I Will Give You Rest."

The preacher in his sermon referred to it and said, "Other religions tell you to do this, and do that, for rest, but our Jesus tells you just to come. Are you weary? Come. Has your life been a failure? "Come, I will give you rest."

Tears unbidden trickled down over the wrinkled cheeks. Never had he heard such news as that before. The heart's door which

had been closed for years was gradually opening. The rusty hinges were creaking, for a ray of heavenly sunlight was stealing in. The night had passed, and a new day was dawning.

The next evening we saw this dear old soul on the front seat, with such an unutterable joy all over the wrinkled features, it did not take long to guess what had happened. If ever we had seen the Spirit of illumination from the glory world, it was resting upon this soul.

Yes, we knew the rusty hinges had completely given way, and the door had swung wide open, and deliverance had come to this captive soul. The joy of that couple cannot be told. Every night they attended the meetings, no matter how much it rained, or how cold the night, they were there. They have just celebrated their golden wedding with a religious meeting, and this picture was taken then. Grandma is failing rapidly, and we can almost hear the rustle of the angel's wings, but she is just waiting with joy for the boatman.

Do missions pay?

Look into the happy faces of this aged couple; look to Calvary; look on up to the golden city when the pearly gates shall unfold, and the angels come to meet these two

GROWN OLD WAITING.

redeemed souls; look to Jesus as he places the Crown of Life upon their snowy locks, and bids them enter into His banqueting house, where they shall be throughout all eternity, singing praises to Him who hath loved them, and you will find your answer."

We were delayed some days in Yokohama, owing to the fact that so many men were in the war that the ship company could not get help enough to load the ship on schedule time, but during that time we were in meetings and service for the Master. While there, word came that Port Arthur had really fallen, after a long and bloody struggle. The people were almost uncontrollable in their enthusiasm and excitement. We looked on the scene and wondered when and where it would all end. I have seen Old England celebrate after some victories won in the Boer war, and Americans rejoice at the victory won at Manila, but I have never seen such universal demonstration, as in Japan at that time. The cities were kept in a continual uproar for days. The desire of our hearts is, that those who fought so bravely in defense of their country, may give their hearts and lives to God, and fight just as nobly and bravely under the banner of the Cross.

Hallelujah! He is able to do abundantly above what we can ask or think. Glory!

After feeling that the time had come for us to sail for the home land, we made arrangements to sail on the steamer "Manchuria." A number of missionaries came to see us leave, and we shall never forget their kindness, and the precious time we had together in prayer and service, in that land of such great need, and among the people whom we loved so well. Yet there was not a regret, for we felt the Holy Ghost was clearly leading.

Our interest, as well as our faith was increased as we viewed the work, and came in contact with the faithful, and sacrificing workers in that and other fields, and the blessed work that is being done for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. We had a real cry in our hearts, that all those whom we were leaving, both native and foreign, might be kept in those awful days of test and trial, in the sweet will of God.

We did not stop from the time we left Yokahoma until we came through the Golden Gate. We talked and prayed with souls and the evening before our ship landed, one person received the Holy Ghost. It was one we had admired on the way, but prayed more for

them than we talked. It was a beautiful case. As others were busy packing, and telling each other good-bye, there was one on that large ship who wanted to say good-bye to all sin, and serve God with a pure heart and a holy life. This heart was so thankful for her new found treasure.

As we came back to the home land, how many things came to our mind, of the battles fought and the victories won. The message burned on our hearts for the mission field, and to know how to best present the cause before the many people who have had the blessed Gospel.

The privations and hardships are hardly worth mentioning. We were well repaid, over and over again, when we saw souls finding God, and had the joy of being in His sweet will, and doing the work He had called us to do. The gratitude of our hearts cannot be expressed, that we were born in a Christian land, and had the fellowship of the saints, and the privilege of hearing the Gospel preached in its fullness. We feel that we must do more than ever before to give the Bible to the heathen lands.

How soon after the anchor was cast we forgot the days of rough sea, the unpleasant

things about the voyage and the confusion and turmoil. When the thought came over us that we were really in the home land, how we watched for familiar faces, and listened for voices that we had not heard for so long. Beloved, will it not be thus when the last battle is fought, the last victory won and all the hours of burden and service are o'er, and we anchor secure in that Haven of Rest, to go out no more forever, but will rejoice with all the faithful and blood-washed, and look into the face of Him who redeemed us by His own precious blood. Oh, how glad we will be when we hear the words, "Well done," that we ever gave up all to follow Him and spent our time and strength to carry the Gospel to a lost world. To God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost be all the glory. It was under their permission and commission that we were permitted to carry this precious message twice around this old world.

"Carry the joyful tidings to every land and sea,
Banish the heart dividings—brothers should brothers be.
Christ died for all the nations, "One flesh and blood" saith he;
There are no tribes or stations, but one in the Lord are we.

God who hath lent His talents, bids us His
service choose;
God who hath lent His riches, bids us in kind-
ness use;
Got who hath freedom given, calls us to make
it known,
He is preparing Heaven, yet not for ourselves
alone.

Souls on the Orient mountains, souls in the
northern snows,
Souls by the southern fountains, souls where
the sunset glows!
Souls out of Christ, the Saviour! oh, for a
church of love,
Bearing the priceless favor and pointing the
lost above!"

END.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF PALESTINE.

At the age of seven I was clearly converted in a meeting held for children in an old Quaker meeting house, and a few days after I was called to preach, and began to tell it as best I could. No one believed it, and would often tell me so, which would always make my little heart heavy, but with it all, I still felt when I grew up I would preach. My dear mother believed it, and would often lay her hand on my head at night and pray that His thought for my life would be carried out, and He would enable me to preach the whole Gospel without a shrink or compromise.

Several years afterwards the Holy Ghost came into my heart to abide, and even before that I had a desire to visit Palestine, and when He came the desire increased. I felt that such a trip would not only be an education and inspiration, but a revelation of Divine truths, and I would be better prepared for a more efficient and effective service for my Lord and Master, under the direction of the Holy Ghost. The hours of meditation and prayer would more clearly reveal the sufferings of my Lord,

and what my salvation cost. The impressions made by the Holy Ghost would be beyond expression or description, as much of my time was spent alone with my Bible in prayer. The very **thought** of being in the land where Jesus walked and talked, lived and died, was a great blessing to me, and I knew such a privilege could only be granted by the Divine Hand. I felt it would bring a greater responsibility, as it would not only be for myself, but for others, and some day I would go, if I would be obedient to Him.

The next week after the Holy Ghost came, I started out in the work, and have been giving forth the message as best I could ever since, as He gives it to me.

After being in evangelistic work several years preaching the Gospel, the Lord laid it on the hearts of some of His saints to pay my expenses to the Holy land, and I should remain as long as I desired. The Lord spoke to them about it before I mentioned it, or their having any knowledge of the great desire which lay hid in my heart. After a line of special providences, I sailed from New York, and committed myself to the sea, leaving home, friends and all so dear, for a tour to and through the Holy Land. So if we expect to

see Jerusalem, the Holy City, we must leave friends and loved ones and walk with God. Or if we expect to be a greater blessing and sink into the deep things of God, we must leave the blessings of the present and, "Press forward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." New York was soon out of our sight, and we were plowing the waves of the trackless ocean, which was a new life to me. I had never known what it was to be ill, but I spent most of the first week in the cabin on my bunk, as we were several days in a hard storm, and I was content to remain there. The table had no charms for me. After tossing on the sea for two weeks, we landed in Naples, Italy. We had left the cold climate with her piercing winds and heavy storms, and found ourselves in a warm country. We were met by some musicians in a boat, and little children selling flowers. This was my first time to land in a foreign land, and to walk on foreign soil; everything was strange. It did not seem like home. I went to a hotel and remained two days, waiting for an Italian steamer to take us to Alexandria, Egypt.

At the time appointed, we went aboard and were soon on our way, tossing on a troubled

sea, but the voyage was soon over, and the next morning after we met for worship, we arrived in Alexandria, and were driven to the station through very narrow streets, with native scenes all about us. Upon arriving we found our train would not leave for some time, so about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we left for Cairo, Egypt, passing through a land dotted with streams of water, green grass and other verdure. The natives were in the fields working, and had such queer looking plows.

This is the land where God so wonderfully displayed His power, sending the ten plagues, the last of which destroyed the first born of Pharaoh himself. Ingersoll spoke "On the Mistakes of Moses," but Pharaoh never chose that subject when he made an oration. How many things come to the mind when we think of Egypt and the people! Much has been effaced, but the Pyramids stand as a monument of Egyptian servitude. The people were compelled to make brick without straw, but did not get deliverance without God. I could almost see the hungry multitudes, the hard pressed thousands, the sorrow and suffering of Egyptian bondage, **then the great deliverance by God himself**—the dividing of the Red Sea—when with one stroke of the Divine

Hand, the people received such an emancipation proclamation as no other people had ever received. The destruction of Pharaoh's host, the raining of manna from Heaven, the smitten rock, and smoking Sinai, all seemed so real as I read my Bible and meditated.

I appreciated Divine favor which could be seen in travel as well as service. While in Cairo we went to some of the mosques in which the cities of Egypt seem to abound. Travelers usually go to those places in small parties. We were asked to remove our shoes, and put on slippers before entering those places so sacred to all Mohammedans. Guides greeted us at every turn. We scarcely knew what to do with them, as they followed us so persistently, when they saw we were strangers in that great unique city. We viewed the Pyramids and Sphinx from the back of a camel, it being my first ride in this manner. We did not get the full benefit of the scene, but were saved having blistered feet on the burning sands.

We visited the museum, which was very interesting, and saw the supposed body of Pharaoh—who went after Moses, but did not get him, but there is nothing in the Bible to prove that his body was ever found.

We saw many other things, which became more interesting the longer we stayed. We could not speak to the mummies, but they looked as though they could almost speak to us, they have been so well preserved and look so natural. Many stones of different kinds are in this museum, which can be found nowhere else in the world, and they are truly wonderful. Excavations are still being made, and stones yet being found which contain much valuable information.

When the time came to leave Cairo, we felt that it had been time well spent, and we were soon on our way to the place around which all else centers, and without which all else is a failure—the birthplace of Jesus, the crucifixion, His ressurrection, His ascension and the coming of the Holy Ghost.

After passing many places of special interest, the valley and plains of Sharon, the birthplace of Sampson, the place where Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, the wilderness where John the Baptist preached, and many other places of interest which were pointed out to us by the guide. We were so much interested, that we thought very little about the time, and soon found ourselves in sight of Jerusalem, the place we so much de-

sired to see. All on the train were eager to get the first glimpse of the place of such great interest in the life of our Lord, which is now a place of awful destitution, desolation, destruction, sorrow and sadness, because of the saying, "His blood shall be upon us and upon our chidren." As we were reaching the city, we all joined in singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," which well expressed our feelings, after our pleasant trip under Divine favor and blessing over land and sea.

The sun was just going to rest, and I felt very much like doing the same, and soon went to my room, which had a stone floor and stone walls, with an iron bedstead in it. I took my Bible and stood almost speechless when I found the word "Jerusalem," and read what Jesus said about her, and I could better understand why she was in the present condition. As I thought of Jesus being there, my soul was blessed, and my prayer was that I might be more like Him. This is the city, we are told, over which Jesus wept, and oh, how bitter were those tears! The people are now left to weep over their rejection of Him, and His prophecies for that people and place were literally fulfilled, and their sad condition is the

result of resisting God and turning away from the light. Judgments follow the offers of mercy. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." How he lingered and longed to deliver them, but they did then as many do in this day, treated with scorn the message and the messenger. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

The next morning I arose early and went up on the city walls. I felt I was walking on holy ground. What a beautiful sight! The sun was just coming up over the Mount of Olives, and shedding His first rays of light on the Garden of Gethsemane, that place of such awful suffering, where such a tragedy took place, as the world has never since known.

I saw the place where the poor man was brought to the gate, the place where the beggar whose sores were licked by the dogs and who lay at the rich man's gate, the place where the Pharisee and the Publican went up to the temple to pray, the one being justified and the other being condemned. So many strange scenes greeted our eyes. The Russian pilgrims

could be seen by scores, starting out on their long march to the Dead Sea, the River Jordan and other sacred places. It reminded me of the children of Israel on the way to the Promised Land. My heart was touched on seeing their sacrifice in going to these places.

As I read my Bible, it seemed almost like a new book, and became its own commentary, and explained its own contents. I could not help but exclaim, "Am I really at the place so many have desired to see, and have not been permitted?" My eyes filled with tears again and again as I thought of the events that had taken place there. And as reviewed by Matthew, things became real to me. What did it mean that I should be permitted to see the place? My earnest prayer was that it might be all to me that it should be, and all and in all for the glory of God, and that my heart might be so abandoned and receptive that I might not lose one thought or impression that the Holy Ghost had for my life, and that His truths might live in me in such a way that they would not only be a blessing to me, but a blessing to others. I spent the time in and about the city, visiting many places of interest. I did not like to go with others or

in crowds, as they talked so much about history and tradition, and I wanted only my Bible and the impressions the Holy Ghost would give. I visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is the center of attraction, and the guide showed and explained everything, but I did not get so much as when I went again alone.

The wailing place of the Jews is like many others, hard to describe, but hundreds of the Jews come to this place to weep and wail, and well they may, for they indeed have a good cause. Some seemed to be true mourners, while others only went through a form. But I saw tears running down some cheeks, and their hearts seemed broken. This "Wailing Place" is a narow lane with a high stone wall on either side, and the mourners put their faces against the walls and go through some kind of chant which was meaningless to me. They are looking for Jesus, but we see Him with the eye of faith. Their hearts are sad, but ours are glad. We have a lively hope begotten in our hearts by the coming and crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. What sorrow lingers with them because of their past sins! The world's only hope is a risen, loving Saviour. Without this, life is not worth living,

and if in this life only we have hope, "We are of all men the most miserable." They are disappointed, but we are appointed. Glory! I never heard such wailing as this place. It surely has the proper name, "The Jews' Wailing Place."

That afternoon I went to the Garden of Gethsemane. I could wait no longer to go to that sacred place, or where it is said to be, (and it must be near there, as it is at the foot of Mount Olivet.) As we approached the Garden, the very air seemed to be expressing the cost of our redemption. Oh, what it must have meant to our Lord, as He walked over those paths to that place! His eyes were open, while those of His followers were closed. I thought of how He prayed all night and of the suffering He went through for my soul's redemption. I could only weep and covenant with Him anew that I would follow wherever He might lead. The city was getting quiet and the lights began to flicker in different parts of it. The houses are built so different to any I had ever seen, because of the heat. A man was calling the hour of prayer for the Moslems. I did not wish to hasten, as it was the first time I had visited this sacred spot. It was there that Jesus had His quiet retreat

for prayer. I tarried as long as I could and stole quietly away and felt well paid for my long trip and all it had meant to reach it. I felt that my life never could be the same again, that I would be faithful and obedient to the promptings and leadings of the Holy Ghost.

Those were wonderful days to my soul, as it was the place in which the foundation stones were laid by our Lord for the salvation of the whole world. Jesus taught by example that a day of victory was only the preparation for a night of prayer. After He had been preaching and feeding the multitude and was weary and worn, He went alone in the mountain to pray, and commune with God about the redemption of the world. So we must leave the work and all that has been accomplished, along with its encouraging results, to be alone with God. We must never make a hitching post of the past, but rather a guide post to the future. Oh, Lord, teach us to pray. We need more sweating prayers, which take the best from us and gives it to God. Any sacrifice for His servce is a privilege. We want subtraction prayers, as well as those of addition and multiplication, and if souls are convicted for sin, some one must prevail with God.

That visit to the Holy Land was in answer to my precious mother's prayer. She knew how to talk with God better than people, and prevailed with Him for my soul. After I had been converted and received the Holy Ghost, and was starting out in the work, she smiled through her tears as she bade me good-bye, and said, "This is all in answer to prayer. Remember whatever you meet, I am praying for you." When we stand at the Judgment Bar of God, and hear the words, "Well done, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," instead of "Depart, I know you not," it will be because some one claimed at the Throne of Grace redemption for a lost soul, through the precious blood of Jesus.

A trip to Jericho, the River Jordan, and the Dead Sea was planned, and while many went in the regular way, in heavy carriages, I was favored in getting to go in a top buggy with an American gentlemen, where we had more room, and this added to the pleasure and profit of the trip. It was one of the most interesting trips in Palestine, and one I had long looked forward to, and found it far beyond what I expected. We left Jerusalem early on a beautiful morning in March, with the bright eastern sun in our faces. We found ourselves

winding around Mount Olivet. It is surely, "Down to Jericho," for it was down, down, for miles and miles, but about noon we came to a little place with a number of huts and two or three hotels, and they said, "This is Jericho." The food is all brought from Jerusalem when the tourists come, as only native Bedouins live there, who subsist on the food made from the meal ground by the "women at the mill." I went to a number of the huts, where large families live just in one room, and the mother, and possibly the eldest daughter would be sitting on the ground just outside the door grinding at the mill.

The Dead Sea is still much below Jericho. We went over some very rough roads, and at one place we had to walk through mud, but in due time we reached the sea, which is really dead. One can easily see that, as it lies so still and smooth with no currents or no outlet. This was to me a good illustration of some professing Christians, whose lives give out nothing, but desire to take in all the time, and thus they become selfish and self-centered.

After driving over a low strip of land for some time, we came to the River Jordan. How different it was from the Dead Sea. This tornado rushing down with great force, giving

of its power and blessing to everything with which its waters came in contact, it not only had life in itself, but it watered and refreshed the surrounding country. There were many Russian pilgrims bathing and worshiping in its sacred waters. It was touching to see them washing their fine clothing in the stream to take home to be buried in. Many of them seemed almost frantic when they came in sight of the water. Some were shedding tears of joy, others shouting, some plunging into the water, as though great blessing would come in that way. They were enjoying in reality what they had so long thought about, and pictured in their minds. May God bless and save them, and satisfy their longing souls.

On our return to Jerusalem the next day, we thought we would like to stop at the brook Chereth again, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. It seemed an appropriate place for them to feed him, as they are about all that could find a man in such a place. It is off the road in a very secluded spot.

When we came to Bethany, we alighted from the buggy and went to the home of Mary and Martha, the place to which our Saviour resorted when He was tired of the noise of the city. It is very quiet and a place of easy ac-

cess. We could only see the ruins of the old home, yet it was a blessing when we thought of Jesus having rested there after His weary journeys. It came to me that this might have been the only home in which He was **always** welcome. The paths over which He is supposed to have walked, are very rough and stony. I left the others and walked over the trail, as I wished to do this for the blessing it would be to my soul. I was shown the grave which is said to be the one from which Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead. It is very deep and dark, with twenty-five winding steps down to the bottom. The guide walked in front with a tallow candle to light the way into the tomb. It was large inside, but one stone could cover the mouth, and no doubt but this was the same stone which Jesus told the people to roll away when He was ready to bid Lazarus come forth. It is similar to the one the angels rolled from the tomb of Jesus, which had been sealed by the Roman government, as they thought that would end the wonderful works of Christ. How useless and fruitless are efforts out of the thought of God. No doubt those guards toiled long and hard to make that secure, but it did not hinder Him. One word from the Lord can roll away every

seeming hindrance, no difference how long the enemy has been working on it. He can bring deliverance and set every captive soul at liberty. Glory to God!

Those who were in the carriages went around the road, but I took my Bible and went over the path that leads across the Mount of Olives, as I wanted to be alone and meditate on the place and things which Jesus spoke about. So many scenes came up before me, as I stood on Mount Olivet, where the followers of Jesus stood gazing up, as the Heavens opened and received Him out of their sight. The angels asked a question which has never been answered, and declared that He was coming back again. These words are such a comfort to the followers of Jesus today, and His soon coming is such an inspiration. As we work let us also watch for His appearing. It was a beautiful spring afternoon, and I remained there for some time. The flowers were blooming and the birds singing. The sun was golden with a few scattered clouds over the sky. All seemed to be in keeping with the place, and if man did not praise the Lord, it seemed that the very stones would break forth in thanksgiving and praise. The shepherd was separating his sheep from his

goats, and sheltering them for the night, and then winding his way across the hills to the city. I could see over a stretch of beautiful country the pilgrims returning to the Holy City, after their long journey. I looked up and praised God from a full heart that He had been crowned King of Kings in my heart. I praise Him for those days of blessing, when I renewed my vows of allegiance to Him forever. Many places may be changed, and some locations questioned, but this is one of the places that remains unchanged by the devastating ravages of time, and I felt that was enough. After a season of prayer and reading the Word, I stole away and went to my room, and prayed that those things might be so impressed upon my mind and instilled in my being that others would be blest by my having looked on those scenes.

The following morning myself and two or three others started on a journey to Emmaus. We first stopped at Mizpeh, went to the top of the tower and viewed the surrounding country. We saw where Solomon made his sacrifices, which we read so much about, and where the Lord appeared to him at Gibeon, and told him to ask what he would, and it should be granted. He asked for wisdom, that

he might be able to do the things that God would have him do. We tarried there for some time, and then continued our journey, over a hilly country along a narrow path, over which the disciples were walking when Jesus appeared to them, and they knew Him not, but He spoke to them out of the scriptures until their hearts burned within them by the way. We went over the very paths He trod. What a privilege, and how we praised Him for the consciousness that He was coming back again. We returned to our carriages, and drove over hill and through valley, eager to come in sight of Emmaus, our destination. We continued until we finally came in plain view of the town. A monk kindly showed us the place where Jesus and His disciples stayed all night; then we were invited in for our noon day meal, which we were quite prepared for, as our morning ride in the sun's warm rays had made us very hungry and thirsty, and there we enjoyed the best meal we had in Palestine, without any exception, and they only asked "a free will offering" for it, whatever one thought was right. They said Christ entertained without price, and they would do the same. I had been asked many times before to drink wine, and the monk who waited on the table filled

a glass for me and insisted that I should drink it because the people did when Jesus was here, (referring to the time when Jesus turned the water into wine at the marriage in Cana.) All the others at the table drank, but I was willing to stand alone at this time, and they seemed to think it very strange, and were almost offended that I did not.

We returned by way of Kirjath-jearim where the Ark rested, and arrived in Jerusalem a little after sunset, rather tired, but feeling well paid for our trip.

One day after spending some time in Palestine, I took my Bible and started to that sacred spot, the Garden of Gethsemane. As I neared the place it seemed that the very air was laden with the breath of prayer. I felt I should step softly. After prayer and weeping, as I read the Bible account, It seemed that the Holy Ghost whispered, "It was all for you." Should I ever count any place too lonely, or any sacrifice too great for the One who loved me so. The noise of the city of Jerusalem could be heard, and the sun was shining bright when I arrived, but I was so taken up with the impressions which the Holy Ghost brought to my mind and heart that the sun had set, and night had come so quietly I had not realized

it. I was really weeping and praying near the spot where Jesus was in prayer at night all alone. Oh, those hours! The city had become quiet, and I stole quietly away from the garden. After going in what I supposed was the right direction, I found I was getting farther away from the city, or in other words I was lost, and did not know how to get home. I stopped and prayed, and when I felt God had heard and would answer, I started, but I did not know which way to go. Just then I heard a low muttering voice, and as it came nearer I found it was a native, and the answer to prayer came. It was a man making his way to the city. The Holy Ghost told me to follow him, and I followed. After walking a long time we crossed a road and some one spoke in English and said, "Who is that?" and I answered. This was a party of men that was out hunting me. As I had not returned, they supposed I had gotten lost, and they were out on the search. I found I had followed a drunken Arab from the place where I discovered I was lost until I was found by the people who were searching for me.

"On land or sea, what matters where,
Where Jesus is, He answers prayer."

Bethlehem, the birthplace of our Saviour, is another most interesting place. The people are noted for their beauty, and they dress more becomingly than any other people in Palestine. They differ in many ways from others, and can be recognized anywhere. It was a lovely afternoon, and after arriving in Bethlehem, we went to the Church of the Nativity, and spent some time. We saw the Greeks and Catholics going through a form of religious worship at that sacred spot. They keep a light burning all the time at the place where they suppose Jesus was born. I remained there quite awhile after the others had gone. On our return, we stopped at Solomon's Pools in sight of Bethlehem. There are three of them, varying in size and depth. After stopping here long enough to see the pools and take a walk, we returned to Jerusalem.

One bright afternoon in April, in company with two or three others and our donkey boy, we started for Ramallah, seven miles from Jerusalem, where the Friends' Mission is located. There is a narrow track called a road over which we passed. At times we would go through narrow passages, then the road would take in all the plain. The country was

not very attractive, but barren and rocky. Only now and then could we see a native coming to or returing to Jerusalem. When we came to a very rough part of the road, the boy would make the donkey go faster than usual, which made it rather hard on us, but seemed to amuse him. He was in a hurry in order to return to Jerusalem before night, as it is considered unsafe to be out after dark.

Just as the sun was sinking away, we reached Ramallah, and rang the bell at the gate of the mission, the grounds being enclosed by a high wall. When we rang, brother Roundtree came out, opened the gate and gave us a hearty welcome, and we felt much at home. I had met Mr. and Mrs. Roundtree before they went to the mission field, and it was pleasant to renew our acquaintance. After the evening meal, we looked over the grounds and buildings, and spent some time in conversation about the work. And after reading the Word and having prayer, we retired in order to be ready for the Sabbath. I awoke early in the morning feeling much refreshed, and the Holy Ghost spoke to my soul about the things of Christ. When we went to the house of God, a large audience had gathered and this was my

first opportunity to speak through an interpreter. The Holy Ghost was there in power and blessing. I had long prayed that I might have this opportunity, and my prayer was then aswered. In the afternoon I attended a good meeting, conducted by the children at the mission, and at the Bible school again in the evening speaking by another voice. The Holy Ghost set His seal on our work. It was a wonderful day. My soul was blest, and I was more than paid for going.

I had always had a great desire to see Jacob's Well, where our Saviour, weary with His journey, and doubtless hungry—as it was about the sixth hour of the day—sat and spoke to the Samaritan woman, and she received the water of life, and as all true disciples do, began immediately to tell the story of salvation to those who have never heard.

We made arrangements to go and started early in the morning from Ramallah, but the journey was not a very pleasant one, as we rode, and our donkey boy had to work very hard to make the donkey go, and we never knew whether we or the donkey would get the benefit of the club, but we were willing to risk it, and all other inconveniences in order to see this place, which was historic, and made sacred

by the visit of our Lord. We were told we were making good time, and would reach there early. After going over the mountainous place, at the foot of which was a spring and a stopping place, we alighted and ate with much relish the lunch which had been prepared for us, watered the animals and took a rest from the saddle. After feeling refreshed, we resumed our journey. We traveled until a portion of land surrounded by a wall of stone came in view. This we were informed was the well. The sun was hot, and I thought of what the Bible says about His being weary, and well He might have been after such a journey over stony paths, winding in and about the mountain. After reaching the place, we alighted and made our way to the well, followed by several natives looking as though they thought we were going to carry off their possession, when we only wanted a drink. They first showed us how deep the well was, by lowering a candle in it, then they drew up some water and I took a glassful, for I not only wanted to see the well, but wished to drink of its contents.

After reading about Christ's visit to this place, and walking around for a time, we went to Sychem and spent the night, in order to

have a rest and be prepared for our return journey on the morrow. We stayed at what they called a tavern, a rather poor affair, but we took a walk around the village, saw the natives busy about their work, and returned to our rooms for a needed rest after a wonderful day.

On returning we passed Bethel, where Jacob had his dream, also the place where Jesus was missed from the company, when He was found by His parents in the temple at Jerusalem in the midst of the doctors, when He was twelve years of age. We arrived at Ramallah in the evening, feeling well paid for our two days' journey. We had read of the place, and been told about it, but was glad that God had permitted us to see it for ourselves. After resting another night, we returned to Jerusalem, where I revisited Gethsemane, Mount Olive, and Calvary, also visited the Pool of Bethesda, the Pool of Siloam and other places of Biblical interest, walked around the walls of the city, through the streets and visited some of the recent excavations. They are very wonderful, as there have been many valuable things found there.

We next visited Solomon's Temple, and in order to do this, we had to obtain a permit

from the government and have a soldier accompany us. The site is now occupied by the Mosque Omer, which was the finest building I had seen. They tell you many strange stories and show you many peculiar things. Before entering this building one must remove his shoes and put on slippers which are furnished. They do not allow you to touch anything, or look at them very long, but keep you moving all the time, and even in this way it takes quite awhile to go all over it.

We went into a kind of a cave underneath to see the place known as Solomon's Stables, which is said to be the stables where his horses were kept. It must have been a very fine place then, and many horses could be kept with very little trouble. His chariots were also stored there.

It takes time to see all the places of interest, but after once seeing them, you feel you would not have missed any, and while they are somewhat difficult to describe, they make the Bible mean so much more, and one can better understand it.

After leaving the Mosque of Omer, we walked around the grounds. It covers several acres, and extends to the east wall and the gate by which Christ entered on His triumph-

ant entry into the city. This gate is now closed, but they are looking for Him to return and open it. They have many traditions about His coming. I am so glad that He is really coming again. I am ready for His coming any time, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus," and receive thy bride from this sin-cursed world.

We went to see Pilate's Judgment Hall, which is on a street several feet below the main street, on which we had walked. A number of Russian pilgrims had found their way to that place, and were prostrating themselves, and crying as though their hearts would break. They seemed sincere in their worship, and would surely receive a blessing, as they had so much desired to see those places, and it seemed good for us to be there. Some of the pilgrims did not look as though they would live to see them again. We thought of the mock trial and all that ook place hundreds of years ago. It became most interesting, while there was so much in the background, yet much was brought out as we read our Bibles.

I was invited to a passover supper. They had a slain lamb which was eaten in the old way of which we read. It was a beautiful evening. The new moon had begun to give

her silvery light, and the stars seemed to be vieing with each other as to which could shine the brightest. Having received and accepted the invitation, they came after me to tell me they were ready, as I was the honored guest. On my arrival, all the others were seated on the ground around the supper, which consisted principally of the lamb, but fruit and some other things were served. When I arrived they all arose and bowed themselves to the ground. Then all were seated on the ground again, and after returning thanks, we began to eat. I was served first, and what a plate. I shall never forget it. We had no knives or forks, so ate with our fingers. They all talked Arabic, and I did my best. I could use only a few words, but I could understand them a little better, and make signs. That was one of the most pleasant evenings I spent in Jerusalem. I thought much about our "Passover Lamb," and was thankful for the privilege I had enjoyed, but more thankful to know that the "Lamb" which was slain, had purchased my redemption, by His blood. We have the forgiveness of sins, which is a reality, while that was only a type. Many places which are grand to behold, are difficult to describe.

One day I went to Calvary's Hill, which is said to be the place where our Lord was crucified. A man by the name of Gordon, who made a special study of Biblical history, located this as being the place. There is no spot more sacred in all Palestine than lonely Mount Calvary—Golgotha, just outside the city walls. Here the precious life blood of our Saviour was poured out for you and me. How willing we ought to be to suffer for Him who died in such agony for the salvation of the lost world. How can we murmur at a little sacrifice and suffering, after once gazing upon even the hill where this all took place. Lord, help me to prove my love for the One who has redeemed me by His own precious blood. That was a blessed place in which to read my Bible and pray.

The last week I spent in Palestine was what was called the "Holy Week," and the day before the feast of the Passover I could see the shepherds coming from the east and west, north and south, with the products of their pastures, bringing them to the city to sell. Each family is supposed to bring a lamb of their own, but if they are too poor, and many are, several families go together and buy one, and all will keep the feast, rich and poor, old

and young. That is the principal feast of the year. I could hear the lambs bleating from all directions, as they were being driven by themselves from the flock. I remembered what Isaiah said of Jesus being "led as a lamb to the slaughter." Their cries were so pitiful, but they had to die in order to have the feast. So Jesus gave His life that w emight be freed from sin, and sit with Him in heavenly places. Blessed be His name!

I attended the church of the Holy Sepulcher. The great feast day had come, and they had special ceremonies. The large crowd and the manner of procedure was something entirely new to me. I had read in the Bible about the multitudes treading one upon another, but that needed no artist to color it. It was a real fact. I was glad I saw it, as I know now something of what a crowd meant in olden times. There is a tomb there, which is said to be the new tomb of Joseph of Aramathea, where the body of our Lord lay. Oh, those dark days before that first glorious Easter morn, when the angels said, "He is not here, He is risen." Glory! Whether that is the place or not, we do not know, but **we do know He is risen.** I was impressed that day with the great number of soldiers who marched in and took their

places. One might have thought that war had been declared. I wondered what they were there for, and what they were going to do, but the question soon answered itself. I at first sought a place in the crowd, but soon found that was more than I desired. So I climbed to a high place on one of the stone pillars. I do not know how I looked, but I felt safe as the parade entered, and the people acted almost like mad. They were all wanting to light their candles with the "holy fire" at the same time, and when the priests passed along, the people seemed almost frantic. It was something similar to the time when the Pope appears in St. Peter's in Rome, to bless the people and let their longing eyes gaze on the greatest (?) ecclesiastical ruler the world has even known. I was told that people had been trampled to death during those feasts. From my place I could see all the performances and disturbance, and also get a bird's eye view of all I had come to see. I was much relieved, however, when the crowd dispersed, and I could safely leave my perch.

The last day I spent in Jerusalem was the Sabbath. It was a beautiful morning, and I arose early and slipped away, as I wished to be alone with God as much as possible during

the day. How fitting it all seemed after those days of wanderings about the places of historical and Biblical interest. With heartaches and flowing tears, and renewed vows to God, I spent many hours in prayer. That Sabbath day seemed indeed a benediction on my stay in that land. The indelible impressions made by the Holy Ghost will never be effaced, and my gratitude for those precious lessons can never be expressed. I expected much, but received even more, and often wished that many others might have the same privilege, of walking over the paths, roaming in the fields and studying the things which are of so much interest because of their associations with our Lord. In the land in which He lived, died and rose again, we now have a living Saviour who is making intercession for us. I went to a mission meeting first, but could not understand the language, though I could understand the shining faces and the spirit that made us one. It was a good meeting and the Lord blest. I then hastened away to the Mount of Olives, as I wished to visit that beautiful spot once more before leaving, and had never been there on the Sabbath, so I walked up by Gethsemane, went up the old road to the top of the Mount, took my Bible, read and

prayed and took a view of the surrounding country, studded with green grass, blooming flowers, flocks of sheep and goats and the natives in their usual garb. All seemed much like the other days as far as I could see. Not far away was a man plowing with a yoke of oxen, and I remembered the words, "Zion shall be plowed as a field." They were going to [redacted] on the market as usual, and the city of which I had such a good view was a flood of noise and confusion. Many ceremonies were being performed on this day by the priests, and many poor people were turned empty away. How different to the way in which Jesus treated the poor. He had a heart of love for them. Oh, what compassion He had on the poor, the sick and the sinful.

A cloud came in the sky and suddenly all changed in appearance. The Heavens became dark, the wind began to blow and my mind was turned from the things which had been made to the Maker, and when the rain began to fall I found shelter in a rock near by, which was a very suggestive lesson and made the other more impressive. After the rain ceased, which had refreshed everything, I left my retreat and went down the mountain to Gethsemane and spent the afternoon with my

Bible. Many came and went, but I wished to tarry, and I read all about what took place at the time Jesus was there, and while there is so much on the face of the Bible, yet when one sees the background where these things transpired, much that was misunderstood about those sacred places seemed plain. In the evening the lepers and the poor were sitting on either side of the road, asking for alms. The blind and the lame all seemed as though they thought their time for begging was short. The sun was getting low and I went quietly up to the city walls, but did not go through the gate, but went to Calvary and to the Garden and to the Tomb and remained there until the sun set. I saw its last rays gleam over Mt. Olivet and the city began to grow still. Only now and then was a voice heard or the usual mutterings of the native voices, or the lowing of a calf, or the bleating of a lamb. The day had closed and every moment had been one of blessing to me, and left an effect that will touch all other days of my life. Those last days in and about these sacred places seemed like days of Heaven on earth, and the Holy Ghost specially led at all times.

On the following morning I took the train for Jaffa, and as it left the station I was glad

to pursue the journey and see other places in Galilee. We found our steamer was in waiting, but it was so rough the authorities would not let the boatmen take us out, and I began to pray. After two or three hours the word came we could go. We got into a small boat and went up, and it really seemed more like going down, as we were tossed by the rough waves. But the boatmen continued to row on until we reached our steamer. My mind was so upset on this occasion that I did not take in all that I might have, and other passengers went through similar experiences. Some one was kind enough to see to my baggage, but I had felt I would not need that any more. I had always heard of Jaffa being a rough port, and after my experience I could add my testimony to the truth of this statement.

When the hour arrived for our steamer to sail she quietly moved off. I was glad some one could see after the steamer and things pertaining to this life, as I was not thinking much about this world or worldly things. After a few hours on the sea we arrived at our port and were met by a man who interpreted for us, to whom we were glad to commit ourselves. He took charge of the small boat in which we went ashore. We inquired the distance to

Nazareth, and to the Sea of Galilee, and found it was one day's journey to one and two to the other. They furnished all necessary provision and took us to those places around which centers so much of the life and service of Jesus, as we felt we would not be ready to return without having seen them. We went in a heavy wagon with a cover with three seats and two horses. We started out with good speed, and all was favorable for our day's journey. The country was very much like that which we had been accustomed to seeing. The road was not very smooth, which broke the monotony of the journey, and made us ready for our food and rest. At an early hour, after having made one part of the journey, we came to a nice grove, which was very much enjoyed after our morning ride in the hot sun. It was a lovely place. We stopped and the guide prepared the food and we took dinner on the green grass of Galilee. It seemed more like a dream than a reality, but after eating and taking a good rest, both man and beast, we resumed our journey, which was much the same as during the morning hours. We passed the mountain where Elijah prayed and the fire fell and consumed the sacrifice and licked up the water in the trenches. The mountain is known by the

natives as "Fire Mountain," and can be seen all over the country. They believe the Scripture, and so do I. What a sight! It must have been a very impressive lesson. Mt. Carmel is known in connection with answered and unanswered prayer, and shows the contrast between idolatry and Christianity, false gods and the true God, man's work and God's work, the forms of men and the power of God.

There is a God that answers by fire and gives tongues of fire, if people were not so doubtful and unbelieving, but would pray as Elijah prayed. We need more prayers like that and more fire would come from Heaven. What a chosen spot! **Idolatry overthrown and Christianity planted.**

We passed on over the hills and through the valleys, occasionally passing a native village, and in the afternoon about an hour before sunset we reached the top of the hill, and Nazareth could be seen in the distance. We saw the place where they meant to throw Jesus over the precipice, and the place called Nain, where Jesus met the funeral procession and raised the widow's son from the dead. Here life and death met, and life was victorious. After passing Nain we took a winding course and came into Nazareth, where we had always

desired to be. We secured rooms for the night, then took a look about the place. We went to Mary's Fountain, the watering place of the city, and at that time of the evening large numbers could be seen getting water in jars, and placing it on their heads and return to their huts and hovels. They looked tired and worn after the day's toil, but they seemed satisfied. So many children were seen there on the streets, and they looked at us with great curiosity. After our walk we took our suppers and retired to our rooms, being quite ready to rest after our long ride.

On leaving Nazareth we went up a single hill from which we could see the surrounding country; however, before leaving we went to the house of Mary and Joseph, the carpenter, and the guides told us many things concerning them. I was much impressed, as that seemed a suitable place for the early or proprietary life of Jesus. It seems to be shut in from the world, and He could live almost an unknown and unseen life, because of the location, and well might one who comes from that place be called "a Nazarene," and the expressed surprise, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" certainly had its place. The answer, "Come and see," was good. They could not